

## A Boy's Mishap.



O'T long ago a boy, living in one of the more southerly "boom towns," outlived a singular adventure. Near his home, at the foot of a hill which is surmounted by a handsome country hotel, is an artificial lake, which is occasionally frozen over in winter, and is then crowded with skaters. The depth of water in this pond is regulated through a chimney-like, brick-protected oaken bulkhead, with a valve at its base that ordinarily lets water out about as fast as the intake supplies it to the pond. In case of a rapid rise, the open top of this "chimney" receives the excess. At all times the outflowing water escapes through the embankment of the pond by a culvert at the bottom of the chimney, as the boys all call it.

Usually the surface of the water is about two feet from the top of the chimney, which is close to the eastern embankment and in summer forms a seat from which to fish, and in times of ice affords a place where boys can adjust their skates, or lean one at a time against the stout valve-rod projecting up from the west side of the bulkhead.

Among the first boys to try the ice this winter was the one to whose adventure I have alluded. While the other boys were either playing or looking on at hockey, he took to spinning around the margin of the pond at his best pace backward, and had made the round several times, almost oblivious to his surroundings in his exhilaration, when he suddenly tripped, probably on one of the stones that had been thrown on the young ice to test its strength, pitched backward, and went head first down the chimney, and stopped with his head in cold running water about ten feet below the surface of the pond. He had somehow saved his neck by frantically grasping at the valve-bar and sides of the bulkhead as he fell.

There he was, wrong end up, in a dark chimney not large enough to turn around in, with his head in icy water, and unable to breathe for a couple of seconds. Then he somehow wriggled upward far enough to clear his head of water, stand on his hands, and yell for help. But no one had seen him fall, and no one heard his shouting.

He does not know how many minutes he

supported himself on his hands, over which the swift, cold water flowed in a stream some inches deep. At last his arms gave way under him and he fell, not without a certain wild hope.

Instantly the strong rush of escaping water caught him and forced him into the outlet culvert under the embankment. His collapse had limbered his body so that it was pliable in the current, and easily turned the sharp angle from the vertical to the horizontal. Then he stopped for a few moments, damming up the water behind him. Then its force pushed him slowly along the passage. He remembers little of that journey

except the round hole of daylight at its end, and of his terrible choking by the water that he swallowed in gasping occasionally for air.

And so, through the dark sixty-two feet of this tunnel he was shoved out into the open air, and received a hard knock in dropping three feet down on the stones outside. Pulling together what remained of his senses and his strength, he dragged himself back to the boys' fire on the bank. And not one of them would believe his story; indeed, nobody in the place, except his mother, credits it, and she told me.

BURTON KLINE.

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"OLD WARY" was great in size, strength, courage, ferocity and ingenuity. He is supposed to have been reared on the prairie land about Chicago, and probably he entered the town with one of the farmers who drive in their truck-wagons before daylight. It is believed that he deliberately deserted his owner and took up a life of crime, as he had too much sense to have become a lost dog anywhere.

He was first noticed more than three years ago wandering about the streets in the thinly settled southwestern part of the city, and he signalized his advent by attacking and killing a large, half-Danish wolfhound, belonging to Rudolf Lehr, a German saloon-keeper. Lehr hotly pursued Old Wary, but he easily made his escape.

This exploit gave him a local reputation, because Lehr's dog was noted for savage temper and fighting power. Word went forth among the dog-owners of the neighborhood, to look out for the slayer, and he was shot at a half-dozen times—an experience which seemed to confirm his determination to war against society. Henceforward he was a canine Ishmaelite.

#### A Canine Outlaw.

Among those who shot at him during the first weeks of his stay was Patrolman Martin Flaherty, whose bullet struck him on the left hindfoot and cut off two of his toes. Thereafter, for more than two years, no man wearing a blue coat with brass buttons got close to Old Wary. He made a study of policemen, and he certainly came to know most of the force in the southern part of the city, whether they were in uniform or in plain clothes, and he gave them all a wide berth.

For more than a year he appeared to subsist mainly upon meats snatched from butcher-shops, upon occasional geese which he surprised on the commons, and upon rabbits, in catching which his country training had made him peculiarly expert. No one knew where he lived, and if he ever slept, there was no evidence of it. He bit several persons who surprised him sneaking along at night on the shadowed side of a dimly-lighted street.

During this time Old Wary gave no evidence of remarkable talent, further than that he became strangely expert in hiding from pursuers. In this he was assisted by the character of that part of the city, which is built up only in places, and contains a good deal of undergrowth and two or three large vacant spaces of some acres each. The dog, when seen in daylight, seemed in good condition and increasing in size, from which it is inferred that he came to town young.

Old Wary seemed to be a mixture of many races. He had the heavy jaw of the bulldog, the massive shoulders of the mastiff, the keen nose of the deerhound, the deep-set ribs of the borhound and the heavy haunches of the greyhound. His ears, small and sharply pointed, stuck up straight from his head, showing a strain of wolf blood. Probably it was this strain which made of him so complete a robber. In color he was a deep brindle, shading into yellow underneath; there was a large white splotch on his huge chest, and his right forefoot was white. His muzzle was jet black, and his eyes a light, curious brown, strangely shaped, capable of great

expansion and not unlike the eyes of a cat. It is commonly said in Hyde Park and other southern suburbs that he was able to see as well in the dark as in daylight.

He seemed to know and enjoy the terror he had excited, and sometimes he added to it at night, when prowling through the deserted streets and tenantless lots, by emitting long, high-keyed, wolflike howls. The people in that part of the town have had no trouble in keeping their children at home at night since early in 1897. Chicago suffers periodically from footpad scares, but the dog bandit inspired more fear among the children than anything that has ever walked on two legs in that part of Illinois.

Looking at the comparatively brief career of Old Wary in southern Chicago, it is easy to understand the legends of almost supernatural beasts which have come down through the centuries. Probably a hundred years from now the memory of the dog will be embalmed in horrible story, although there is no record that he ever attempted human life, save when attacked or fancying himself attacked. But he would have proved no mean antagonist in close quarters. When his body was at last weighed upon a grocer's scales, he tipped the beam at one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and he stood more than thirty inches high at the shoulder. His fangs were of remarkable size, whiteness and keenness.

It is now known that Old Wary made his home for a while under a deserted frame house of three rooms, which stands near to the western edge of a large plot of vacant land at Garfield Boulevard and Western Avenue. Here the dog made a den and lived in it until the accumulation of goose feathers and bones betrayed him.

He then removed to a thick clump of undergrowth and trees in the centre of the vacant space, and in this place his home was similar to the burrow or den of many a wild animal of the canine family. Through the field runs a deep ditch, which often contains a foot of water. In the bank he had dug a room, five feet deep by two wide, and he used this as a protection from ruin, and probably for refuge when hard-pressed, as it was cunningly hidden under the eave of the overhanging bank, and was discovered after his death only because of the stench of some undevoured meat which came from it. For the most part he slept in the open, in the midst of briars and weeds covering, probably, half an acre. As there are many similar clumps in the plot, failure to discover his lair is easily understood.

After making good his footing against the combined efforts of all in that part of the city and leading a life of uninterrupted success as a highwayman for more than eighteen months, Old Wary began to display a genius for organization, and to extend his operations by means of a

band which he gradually gathered about him, admitting no dog to complete membership until he had shown a marked aptitude as a thief.

#### Organizing His Band.

In a large city there are thousands of dogs, some of them of strong moral natures and some easily led astray. Some of the best bred and most intelligent and most amiable of them have an underlying weakness for bad companionship, or food, or ease. Old Wary had a large field from which to cull, and never was there a recruiting sergeant who displayed so apt a judgment of recruits, or who insisted so strenuously

men-at-arms generally worked in couples, although occasionally, in the very early morning, they were seen making their way home in company, always with bloodied muzzles, and sometimes bearing the bodies of slain chickens or ducks, or juicy chops and steaks. It was characteristic of them that they travelled always at top speed, the little terrier scampering along in front, and they have been noticed in the same dawn at points eight and ten miles apart.

When hunting in couples the terrier was with Old Wary, acting as a sort of pilot-fish for him, going ahead a block or two and instantly returning to warn him if there was hint of trouble. In time this dog came to be as well known as his

captain, and was shot at as often. He was so small and agile and alert, however, that no harm came to him.

Gradually developing from a landless wanderer warring for his own stomach, into an organizer and leader, growing from this stage into an autocrat who forced others to work for him, having become the owner of a little section of earth and a home-builder, having acquired a devoted friend and spy, and being then possessed of a sufficient leisure for the maturity of his plans, Old Wary began to exhibit extreme skill in the obtaining of choice supplies at slight trouble and risk. He left the robbing of hen-roosts and the disturbance of ducks and geese to meaner intellects. A passion for the choicest cuts of beef and mutton grew upon him.

As the butchers of the southwest part of the city had long before come to recognize his skill and daring, they had put strong locks on their shop doors, and never thought of leaving their goods unprotected for the

night. It thus became necessary for Old Wary to obtain his food elsewhere. He had noticed in prowling about that many men and women came to these shops and went away with the meat in baskets. It is supposed that he followed some one of them home and saw the flesh put into a refrigerator, whose outward appearance he carefully marked. In his farm life he could have had no experience of refrigerators, nor could he have learned what they were for, save by patient investigation.

Thereafter he lived in large part on meats abstracted from refrigerators left on back porches at night. He must have reared up against the front of the refrigerator, working up its lid with his nose, getting his black muzzle under it, and then, by springing strongly upward, throwing it far back so that it would remain open. Thereafter abstraction was easy. Householders puzzled for long over the many refrigerators which were found open in the morning with the best of the meat gone but nothing else taken, until finally one night Old Wary was caught in the act, and shot at as usual. Thereafter the mystery was a mystery no longer.

#### An Unpleasant Sense of Humor.

It must have been in nosing about in the upper part of a refrigerator that the dog got a taste of cream; probably he knocked over a jug of it, and thereafter sought it even as he sought chops. He must have it at any peril. At first he used to take the bottles from their receptacle with his mouth, and break them by dropping them on the flooring. As the crash of glass, however, often brought out some one with a revolver, he left off doing this. Then he took the bottles to some quiet place and broke them on rocks. Of course most of the milk ran into the ground, but he managed to lap up enough of it to enhance his insane thirst for more. His lips were often cut in this way, but he did not desist. The whole business was unsatisfactory, however, and he soon devised means to get milk more easily.

Now he seems to have developed a sense of humor. Perhaps it struck him as both a good and funny thing that he should take his rest for a little while each night after the manner of his enemy, man. So, after gorging himself with meat from a refrigerator and lapping up such milk as he could, he hunted up some porch in which a hammock swung and leaped into it, taking a nap of an hour while the terrier stood guard. Having had his sleep, he would amuse himself by grasping the hammock in his teeth, and swinging backward and forward suspended. This is where his bulldog strain showed itself. The result was that many good hammocks were ripped and rendered valueless, both by the tears and the scent of him.

One house favored by him was that of Assistant State's Attorney Barnes. He ruined several hammocks for Mr. Barnes, who sat up nights



"LEHR HOTLY PURSUED OLD WARY."

that each candidate should fulfil the strictest requirements of the service.

In six months he had with him a band of a half-dozen. It contained a pointer, two watchdogs of mixed breed and supposed incorruptibility, a black-and-tan hound used for deer-tracing in the Wisconsin or Michigan woods, a nondescript mongrel of great intelligence, and a small and beautifully marked fox-terrier, who became at once the apple of the chieftain's eye and his constant companion. Of them all the pointer was the most expert thief, but he lacked courage.

This band is now scattered, and it is not known what has become of any of its members except the fox-terrier, who was captured and is at home in the Hyde Park police station.

Through all the southwestern part of the city these dogs, working only at night, spread desolation. No pack of foxes ever wrought such woe to 'hen-roosts. The pointer taught all of his comrades to suck eggs, and farmers in the outlying purlieus suffered. It meant ruin to any small butcher to leave his shop unlocked for a night. If they could effect entrance, the freebooters would carry away, pull down and defile enough meat to support them for a month. This they did in wantonness. When not at such work they chased cats for diversion, and slew Maltese and Angora pets to a value of hundreds of dollars.

#### Warrior and Strategist.

They showed a special dislike of dogs of utter respectability, and killed them whenever they had opportunity. Pug-dogs, lap-dogs and all the many breeds of canine house pets, beloved of women, they hated intensely. As these animals are incapable of making a strong defence, they fell easy victims to any member of the band which found them. Even the little fox-terrier murdered one or two of them. Very large dogs of strict rectitude were left to Old Wary.

After a combat of great severity—and he had many of them—he would lie *perdu* for two or three days, licking his wounds, while his faithful servitors harried the territory and brought him tidbits. He ruled them with an iron jaw, and rebellion or incapacity was punished with death. Often, in the earlier days of the gang, the body of some member of it was found, gashed and mangled by the teeth of the giant leader. His

watching for him, but could never catch him. Doubtless he was warned by the terrier, who was ahead. The attorney swore vengeance, and his official position enabled him to awaken renewed interest in the police, who had grown tired of an unsuccessful two years' campaign against Old Wary, and were ready to give him up as a bad job. As a result of Mr. Barnes's complaints, Inspector Hunt spoke to his men at midday assembly, and insisted that they devote special effort to ridding the city of the marauder.

Early in September Mr. C. I. Pierce, who lives at No. 70 Madison Park, Chicago, and has a large enclosed space attached to his house, noted that his two cows gave but little milk in the morning. There is a legend among Illinois dairymen concerning "milk snakes," which are supposed to attach themselves to udders and suck the fluid, but he took no stock in it. After doctoring his animals without result, he decided to watch, and at early dawn he, lying there on the grass outside the fence, saw two dogs, a large brindle and a diminutive terrier, enter the enclosure and rush at the cows. The heavy beasts broke into a lumbering gallop, which they held for five minutes and stopped exhausted. Then the dogs approached them slowly, fastened their lips to the udders and drank their fill.

It took a tremendous quantity to satisfy the larger robber, who was as big as a calf and went from one cow to the other. The little terrier,

which was forced to balance upon its hind legs and stretch mightily in order to reach the udder, was easily filled.

When he had gorged himself, Old Wary's sense of humor moved him, so he went to the bars and pushed them out one by one with his bull head. When this was done he drove out the cows and trotted soberly away. He had perpetrated a practical joke of this kind once before, and Pierce had been compelled to pay three dollars and a half each to redeem his cattle from the poundmaster; so he, too, was enraged, and went to the police station with a string of complaints.

Two of the night patrolmen were detailed to go on watch. They hid themselves in the long grass at daylight, and waited. In a little while they saw Old Wary, preceded by his small companion, coming joyously along. The interested officers permitted them to milk the cows, which was done in twenty minutes. Then the bluecoats rose to their feet. Before they had straightened, the dog's keen eye saw them, and he broke into headlong flight. But their bullets rolled him over dead just when crouching to clear the fence.

The terrier ran a hundred yards, stopped, turned, and came slowly back. He stood by his dead captain grieving, and only shivered a little when one of the officers picked him up and petted him. This occurred on September 14, 1899, and so ended the bandit dog of Chicago.



ELIZA sat amid a confusion of books, staring at her own name on the title-leaf of an old dictionary. "Eliza Johnson!" she muttered, discontentedly. "Did they expect me to turn black to fit that name? And my hair to kink? If I had to be a Johnson, they might at least have given me an emancipated Christian name!"

She was alone, and her head ached from packing. She hated her name. She considered it a part of the general outrage circumstance had put upon her.

There was a sound of dishes in the kitchen beyond, and an odor of steak filtered through. Presently a tired-looking woman opened the door.

"Supper, Eliza." "Eliza, indeed!" retorted the girl, with withering sarcasm.

Mrs. Johnson smiled feebly. She knew her daughter's grievances and her own shortcomings, and was humble. She had long since ceased to speak her heart. The grammar of her lips was faulty, and her daughter had an exquisite ear for mistakes.

"At any rate," said Eliza, following her mother to the dining-room, "I can sign myself Elizabeth at school. And the girls call me Beth. Helen started it."

"Miss Marion?" "Yes. Beefsteak again! I should think you'd plan not to have it once in a while."

Mrs. Johnson flushed. No planning was required for that. "Once in a while" was most of the time when Eliza was at school.

"Miss Marion seems fond of you," she said, with the pink still in her withered cheeks.

"Nonsense!" Eliza's brows contracted petulantly. "She's fond of her looks. The problem of the universe is a matter of clothes with her. She glories in a sunset because she can wear it. She dotes on groves because green is her best color. She adores me because I'm becoming to her—I set her off."

"Dear me!" murmured Mrs. Johnson, with her face full of shocked astonishment. "Is that so?"

"No!" said Eliza, sharply.

Mrs. Johnson winced and then smiled. "Is that so? sounds so inane," commented Eliza, indulgently. "Almost as bad as 'the idea' and 'you don't say.' Of course it wasn't so! My speech was hyperbolic, extravagant. Will you pour my tea, please?"

Mrs. Johnson poured the tea with a trembling hand.

Her hand always trembled. There was something wrong with her heart.

"As a matter of fact," Eliza resumed, after a pause, "Helen likes me because I can out-rank her. No one else can. She has an idea that I am a kind of embryo genius, and she's devoutly expecting me to hatch out."

Mrs. Johnson held her breath. In her secret soul she was jealously proud of her daughter's intellect, and hungered for her confidence. It was not often Eliza spoke of her triumphs to her mother.

"Not that Helen doesn't wear good clothes," she continued. "She does. She's silk-linen. I feel like a plebeian beside her. The girls fall down and worship at the sound of her name. They are going to elect her president, and she's taken it into her head that I must be valetictorian. Imagine me, in my duds!"

"Why not?" said Mrs. Johnson, eagerly. "Ornery clothes can't seem to make you look ornery."

The angry red flashed up in Eliza's cheeks. Of all her mother's expressions "ornery" was the one she despised most. She laid down her fork and opened her lips to speak. Her mother's eyes were on her—patient, penitent, appealing, like an animal's that has suffered. Eliza dropped her own.

Even her mother's helpless optimism irritated her. What had they to be cheerful about? Why not have the spirit to admit they were beggars, and be done with it? "Ornery" clothes, to be sure! What "ornery" clothes?

Her old Swiss, no doubt, already serving its third year!

"You have a way with you—" pleaded the mother, breaking into her rebellious silence.

Yes, she knew she had a way with her, but it wasn't equal to clothes on all occasions. She was conscious of her good looks and reckoned on them in a half-disdainful way—they made clothes cheaper! With sudden vision she saw herself in the battered Swiss, declaiming to a horror-stricken audience. She laughed harshly.

"I don't want you should give it up." Mrs. Johnson's voice sounded thin and eager. "Think of the honor of it!"

Eliza laughed again. "Mother," she said, "when girls graduate they wear organdy, or silk, or mull, or chiffon, and white slippers and white gloves. Graduation, mother, is understood to be a contest of clothes!"

"Then we'll have to get a new dress."

"Just how?" Eliza's face expressed genuine amusement.

"Well, you shall have it, even if I have to—"

"Have to what?" Mrs. Johnson was silent.

"Not sew?" said Eliza, in a changed tone. "You know the doctor has forbidden that."

"But my heart is better," said Mrs. Johnson, quietly.

"Anyway, it would not take much. Not if I—I've about given up the idea of coming to see you graduate. I—I kind o' dread the trip. That will be something."

"Yes," said Eliza, and then blushed for very shame. She could never make out why her mother should wish to attend commencement—in her old clothes, as she must.

It looked like self-indulgence, and Mrs. Johnson was not wont to indulge herself. Eliza had long chafed in secret against the plan, as a needless expense and an added indignity to herself.

But now that the matter seemed about to adjust itself, her feelings of deliverance were curiously mixed.

"It's a pity to give it up—you've pinched so long for it," she said, disjointedly. "We oughtn't to be so poor—it's a sin to be so poor. Just wait till I graduate! But don't you sew, mother. You know the doctor said—the other will be enough, anyway. And if you feel equal to the trip, why, I'll wear my old dress and be valetictorian, too! You've slaved long enough for me."

Mrs. Johnson raised her gray eyes gratefully. "It isn't slavery when I do it for you," she said, simply.

Eliza was not emotional. She took her mother very much as a matter of course. But now—it may have been only the softening effects of her own magnanimity—she felt a great longing to kiss that drooping mouth, that silvery hair.

"Mother!" she murmured.

"Eliza?"

That name! Tremulously, lovingly as it was spoken, the perfection of the moment was

spoiled. Eliza gave her plate an irritated push, and rose from the table.

"What is it, Eliza?"

"Nothing!" said the girl, testily, and started out. She looked back once, hesitated, and then went on, and the door closed behind her.

The last half of the term passed rapidly. "Elizabeth" Johnson was elected valetictorian by a large majority. With the exception, perhaps, of Helen Marion there was not a more popular girl among the graduates. Keen-witted, handsome and pleasant-mannered, she was universally admired and a little feared.

She was "different," the girls said. Against the vanity of clothes she was considered invulnerable. It never struck them that she was poorly dressed. Her personality permeated everything she wore, and made it, by some Midas-like transmutation, a part of her golden

glistening fabric, full of unexpected glints and lustres; and it was Eliza's first evening gown. She fastened it on with trembling fingers, and her heart leaped as she met her own image in the looking-glass. To her unpractised eye she seemed a queen.

And indeed, the long Puritan folds, the simple waist with its icy sheen so near the hot gold of her hair, afforded a charming picture. But even as she looked, a chill struck through her as she remembered what fingers they were that had fashioned it all.

She flung herself impetuously beside the table, and seizing her pen, she wrote:

Lovely! Lovely! How can I ever thank you? That silk—oh, and those dear little ruffles of chiffon! How did you ever know that I was dying to have them that way? I feel like royalty—but you, you must have worked like the united tribes of Israel to earn the shekels. I know it isn't so awfully expensive, but then, I know it's not so little mother! I shall think of it, it's silk! silk, little mother! I shall have to orate like a

Cicero to live up to my dress, and I will! Do come—do—do! Inquire for Cicero, Room 27, Attic, or come right up, and she'll welcome you. I know there is only the week, but never mind your new hat. If you have only the money to come! How I wish you had left out a sleeve, or something, so I could be sure! Love me, and come! ELIZA.

And she meant every word of it, italics and all. It was easy for her to be enthusiastic when her mother was a hundred miles away.

When Mrs. Johnson received the note, she wrote no reply. But that night her lamp burned till midnight. And the next night—and the next.

It was the evening of the graduation. The assembly hall was a blaze of light. Palms and potted plants banked the corridors with green, and the stage was a bower of roses. Well-dressed, happy-looking people were being ushered in by pretty girls of the lower classes. There was a swish of silken garments, a murmur of low voices, and an indefinable air of well-being and contentment everywhere. Outside there was a rumble of carriages on the sandy driveway, and one, the school



"I'M GOING TO PUT THIS LADY BESIDE YOU."

equipage sent to meet the late train, stopped at the doorway and deposited several passengers. The first to step out was a handsome, middle-aged woman in a bonnet of purple violets, and a sealskin jacket thrown back from her satin bosom. The last was a small person in rusty black, whose ungloved hand trembled as she reached for the railing. She pushed hurriedly past the others, and mounting to the third story, knocked at the door of Room 27. There was no response. She tried the latch. It yielded. The room was empty.

She waited irresolutely for a while, and then descended again to the lower floor. The hall was almost full. The ushers were busy conducting guests to the few remaining seats. The woman glanced at their stylish apparel, and then down at her own. Her hand was trembling violently. She wrapped it tightly in her dingy shawl.

No one seemed to notice her. She stood in the shadow of the stairway and waited. After a while she saw a vacant seat two rows forward. She went toward it eagerly, although with hesitation, and was about to sit down when she was jostled rudely from behind. "My seat!" said a haughty voice, and turning, she met the bold and scornful eyes of a young woman many years her junior.

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back to her place in the hall. The insult tingled in her blood, and overwhelmed her with a sense of ignominy. She felt crushed, weak, and her head throbbed painfully. "If I could only see Eliza!" she thought, yearningly.

Suddenly she saw her. She had entered by another door, and was walking toward her. Involuntarily the mother stretched out her arms. The girl did not see her. She turned down an aisle leading to the stage. Forgetting everything but her great joy, the little woman hastily followed the tall and glorious figure of her daughter. All at once it stopped. A young woman had plucked her by the sleeve. She was the same who had repulsed Mrs. Johnson.

"How lovely you're looking!"

"Thank you," said Eliza, easily. "You got my note? I'm so glad you're here! What fun we'll have!"

"Who's giving the supper?"

"Helen's aunt. She's lovely!"

"What's her name?"

"Mrs. Harwood. Doctor Harwood's wife, you know. They came on the late train."

"Your dress is just too sweet! I wish I were further forward."

"Can't you be?"

"No. I had to use management to get this. There was a queer old thing ahead of me—a janitress, or washerwoman, or something. I shouldn't think the school would allow such creatures to come. How many are invited?"

"Just six."

"Any washerwomen or rag-pickers?"

Eliza laughed. "No, all quality. You seem upset. Is my hair all right?"

"Yes, it's awfully sweet! Good-by." And Mrs. Johnson, pained, outraged, and too bewildered to speak or move, saw her daughter float down the aisle, and disappear in the crowd.

A hand touched her on the shoulder.

"Don't you want a seat?"

Mrs. Johnson turned at the sound of the sweet voice, and looked into a pair of earnest brown eyes.

"Yes," she murmured, again conscious of the throbbing in her head.

The girl put her arm protectingly around her, and as if aware of her feebleness, led her slowly forward to a vacant chair beside the handsome woman in the purple bonnet.

"Aunt," she said, softly, "I'm going to put this lady beside you. I'm afraid she's ill." And the girl vanished.

"Why," said the lady, graciously, "we were on the same train —"

A peal of music from the orchestra drowned her words. The doors at the rear of the stage opened, and amid a storm of applause, the graduates filed in.

The brown-eyed president, Helen Marion, smiled down at her aunt from the chair of honor, and laid her hand on the knee of the girl beside her. "Look, Beth, there's aunty!" she whispered, and Eliza bowed her golden head in pleased recognition of the lady in satin, without seeing the shabby figure so dangerously near her.

"That's Elizabeth Johnson," said Mrs. Harwood, softly. "Distinguished-looking, isn't she? My niece tells me her valedictory is a gem. It's a happy time for the mothers to-night. Do you know, Edgus," she said, turning to the gray-bearded gentleman beside her, "I always want to see the mothers of exceptional young women like that. I always want to know if it isn't the thought repressed in the mother's breast that has become the deed in the life of the child."

"Yes," said the gentleman, thoughtfully. "Beautiful girl, isn't she? Just look at the poise of that head! Her mother must be of the caste of Vere de Vere, if that's a token."

The little woman in black shrank into the shadow. The words of her daughter's friend were still ringing in her ears—"queer old thing—washerwoman—rag-picker"—and she saw herself as she must appear in contrast to her beloved Eliza—a withered, brainless, ragged creature, and for the first time she wished that she had not come. There was a dull pain at her heart, and she leaned back in a semi-stupor for she knew not how long—till she was aroused by a thrilling voice, and knew that her daughter was speaking.

Her clear, magnetic tones penetrated to the farthest limits of the room, and held her audience as if in a hypnotic thrall. Her youth, her beauty and her conscious air of power gave to her words a potency not their own. There was a quality of action in every syllable that moved her hearers, after a period of breathless attention, into a thunderous round of applause. The little woman in black clapped, too, with her trembling hands, and the happy tears ran unnoticed down her shrunken cheeks.

"And of these," Eliza was saying, "the noblest is friendship. And of friendship the most god-like is the friendship of youth, unsullied by thought of gain or expediency. Where can we replace it in the workaday world that lies before us? But," here her voice softened to exquisite sweetness, "the love that is best and tenderest of all loves on earth will survive this change as it survives all things. For it is a love straight from God, who has made it forever deathless and holy. Tell me, children with dimpled hands, whose is the love that steals your hurt away, when the hidden thorn draws blood? Tell me, you in the new pride of your ambitious youth, whose is the love that steals *your* hurt

away, when the world's first treachery pierces your heart? Tell me, you in the sunset of your life, whose is the love that comes like a fragrance to steal *your* hurt away, when fear and despondency grind your soul? Always, always, the love of a mother! One prayer heaven will ever grant for such a love—Mizpah! The Lord watches."

But the little woman in black heard no more. A delicious state of unconsciousness descended upon her, and she sat, very pale and quiet, with the glad tears still wet upon her cheeks, and her hand pressed hard against her heart. And over and over in her mind her daughter's words rang like music. As in a dream she heard the round upon round of applause that marked the end of her oration, saw her cross the stage, saw the people pressing forward, heard a familiar voice almost at hand, and knew that Eliza was bending to receive the kiss of Helen's aunt.

For an instant she caught the glance of those bright eyes as they moved away together. She sat crouched in her corner till they were quite out of sight, and all the time her lips moved silently.

"God bless her!" she whispered. "She didn't see me. After a while, when the others are gone, I will kiss her, too. God bless her! I know she loves me now! I know she loves me!"

What she did not know was that Eliza *had* seen her, and had reflected that a later moment would do quite as well to welcome her. It would have been awkward for her to introduce her mother—in that apparel—to Helen's aunt.

The hall began to thin out, and Mrs. Johnson rose and climbed wearily to Eliza's room. Her heart was beating like a trip-hammer, and there was a taste of blood in her mouth. She loosened her collar, and sank motionless on the bed.

"Guard against that stupor," the doctor had said a year before, when Mrs. Johnson was recovering from her worst sinking spell. "She will hardly survive another attack like this."

An hour passed. There was a sound of voices in the hall, a ripple of girlish laughter, a cheery good night, and Eliza Johnson opened the door and stepped inside. The bright moon lighted the little chamber with a radiance like day, and the dark form on the snowy counterpane lay in the full brilliancy of it.

Eliza uttered a cry of terror, and sank by the bedside. "Mother!" she whispered. "O my God, mother, answer me!" But the wasted figure lay as still as death itself.

Eliza staggered to her feet and ran to the head of the stairs. "Helen!" she cried, hoarsely. "Bring help—bring your uncle! Mother is here, and—heaven forgive me!—dying, perhaps!"

She hurried back to her room, and in that brief interval of waiting, who can say what agonies were hers? She seemed suddenly a woman grown, and her soul, laid bare of all its false tinsel of pride and vanity, stood naked in the awful presence of death.

All her petty conceits and ambitions, her selfish ideals, her dignity of intellect itself, sank in that instant to the rank of worn-out toys. She wound her arms around the shabby form, and lifting the heavy head to her silken bosom, "Merciful heaven," she whispered, pressing her lips to the still forehead, "grant me the time to undo! O God, pity me and let her live!"

It was summer. Mrs. Johnson was sitting beside an open window in a wrapper of white India silk and wool, and drawing in deep breaths of fragrant air. The pink geraniums outside nodded fantastically to the ragged-robins which Eliza had pinned on her shoulder, and the wistaria reached down friendly fingers to clasp her hand on the window-sill.

She looked like a bit of Dresden china as she sat there in her fragile beauty,—it was remarkable how pretty Mrs. Johnson was in that particular wrapper,—and Eliza, bursting in like a cyclone, checked herself suddenly and began to tiptoe when she saw her.

"Don't move," she whispered, "and I'll tell you a secret!"

Mrs. Johnson laughed, and Eliza joined in with a merry peal.

"What do you think?" she cried. "They've dismissed me from the department, and I can never, never more teach grammar to the preps!"

"What?"

"And they've installed me in the chair of languages at Harrison's—'American, English and profane!'"

"Eliza!"

"And to-morrow we're going to the seashore,

and we're never, never, never going to leave each other again—not even for a night!"

"But your clothes, Eliza!"

"The little mother is frivolous. Speak to a

professor of languages of clothes? Fie, little mother! Besides, you're better than purple and fine linen, for you're—you're—Kiss me, mother! You're gold all through!"

name was printed on it in head-lines, and underneath was a short restatement of the facts of the case, made preparatory to the trial at Rennes. The boy spoke to his nurse about the similarity of names.

"Rush!" said the nurse. "There are many Dreyfuses."

"But," argued the child, "are there many Captain Alfred Dreyfuses, whose wives are Lucies? I know now why mamma is so sad and why papa stays so long away."

The nurse saw the torn kite, and read the account of the trial which it bore.

"But you must never tell any one, never!" said she. "It would kill your mamma if she thought you knew what made her so unhappy."

The brave little fellow nodded, winking hard to keep back the tears, and nothing more was said then.

But now, in the reunited Dreyfus family, there are no secrets.

### A Dreyfus Story.

SOME of the saddest scenes in the whole Dreyfus tragedy were those which had to do with the lives of his wife and children while Dreyfus himself was in exile, and undergoing his second trial. The two young children were constantly guarded lest they should hear anything of the terrible story with which France was ringing. Their awakening was all the more pathetic when it came. The correspondent of London *Truth* describes how the discovery came about.

Madame Dreyfus remarked with terror that her children seemed at length to suspect their father's fate. She had kept them almost constantly under her own eyes. She was their governess, their companion in their walks, and always kept them from the newspaper-hawkers. The servants were as careful as she to keep the dreadful secret from the children.

The boy, who is in his ninth year, guessed the truth from a clue unsuspected by his mother. Parisian confectioners have a thrifty way, unknown in America, of pasting together old newspapers to make their candy bags. One day, when the child was eating sugar-plums, he noticed his father's name. It set him thinking.

Then one day, at the seaside, he happened to find a torn kite made of newspapers. His father's





"UNCOMFORTABLE THINGS  
WERE ALLEGED TO HAVE  
BEEN SEEN THERE."

## GHOST I MET

By Rev. William E. Barton.

GHOSTS seem to be popular just now; I hear their noiseless tread and feel their delightful literary shudder in books and stories not a few. But once I met a ghost, and he was less pleasant in life than in a book.

It was the second year of my teaching school in the mountains of Kentucky. I had come to feel much at home, and had ridden far and wide in the hills. Horses were at my disposal, but I broke a mule to the saddle, and rode him through Cumberland Gap, into Virginia and back, a hundred miles and more. I came to prefer a mule for long rides over the hills, but on shorter rides I more frequently rode a clay-bank pony.

Early in this second year I formed the habit of spending an evening each week with the teacher in an adjacent district, and this gave me regularly a ride home of several miles in the dark. It was made at least a mile longer by the angle which the road made down to the ford.

This extra mile I grudged most of all, and when the water was not too high, I took a short cut through the woods, striking the creek a mile higher up. This way was by a mere bridle-path, which led through an old field and along a ridge, and then through a half-mile of low-growing beech-trees, where one had to ride carefully to keep on his horse in the dark—and it was dark in there.

One night I heard some animal crashing through the underbrush above me, and keeping near me until I reached the creek. The next week I heard near at hand the pathetic, fearsome, half-human and half-fiendish cry of a panther. And so I took to carrying a revolver with me, and for a time kept the main road.

But a moonlight night brought me back to my short cut again, and I kept it thenceforth, even if once or twice the water was high enough to set my horse to swimming. But the longer road, I dare say, would sometimes have proved the shorter way home. At least, there was one time when it would have saved me a fright and a delay.

There was only one house on the short-cut road, if I may call it a road. It was the deserted cabin belonging to the old fields, and it stood not far from the highway. A disagreeable story was

told about it, and uncomfortable things were alleged to have been seen there. These associated themselves not only with the house, which stood with gaping door and sunken roof and tumble-down stick chimney, but also with the dead sycamore-tree that stood in the fork of the path below the house.

In truth, the tree looked fearsome enough at night. It stood out so white and bare, so gallow-like and so menacing, that it alone might well have been an object of fear. A ghost of a tree it was—rooted in its own grave, a bleak, white tombstone of a tree. I looked at it as I rode under it, with a certain half-expectation of seeing some alarming thing happen there.

It came one chill, drizzly night. There were occasional angry spits of rain, with long-separated and far-distant glows of lightning. It was a shivering, creeping night, with a touch of something in the air that led one to anticipate trouble. I remember distinctly that my friend said to me as I left: "This is the very night to see a ghost."

I think I really expected to see something that night. The shudder of it was in the bones of things in general, and I could feel it creeping into my own. And I never doubted that the place to see it was the dead sycamore-tree. Yet there was a certain fascination in the prospect which made me take the short cut. I did not want to see what was there, yet I could not bring myself to avoid it.

So the tree came in sight, and at the view I started. There it stood, white against the background of the haunted house, but—I must be mistaken, yet I could not be—the trunk was unusually white to-night! I cast my eye along it. The eight feet at the bottom were so white that by comparison the upper part looked dark. And just as I began to assure myself, against my conviction and the evidence of my senses, that it was only imagination, my horse gave a snort and made a quick turn with me. There was no doubt about it now. There was something there.

I got my horse around to face the situation, and as calmly as I could, considering my own feelings and those of the horse, inspected the

frightful object ahead. It was certainly a hideous thing.

The figure was about eight feet high. It had white horns, and a neckless head that bobbed about in a menacing way. It had arms which made threatening gestures, and it moved out into the path as I looked and stood clear of the tree. I held my horse with my right hand, and passed my left through my hair to see if it stood erect. I took courage from the fact that it did not; although why it did not I could not and cannot understand. I certainly felt the bristling sensation that made me want to pull down my hat.

I do not like to be thought a coward, yet I am not at all disposed to claim that I was unmoved by the object before me. If I argued that it was not a ghost because it could not be, the answer was indubitable that it was something, and if not a ghost, it answered the description of one. If it was not a ghost, it was apparently something quite as formidable.

Indeed, had I known that it was a ghost I might almost have felt relief. Still I held my horse with face to the front, and urged him on with my heels. The hill rose abruptly on one side; a deep ravine was on the other. There was only the alternative of going ahead or turning back, and I could not quite go back.

So, striking in my spurs, I dashed by the ghost, which made a lunge at us as we passed that caused my horse to shy dangerously. On I rode a little way up the ridge, at first congratulating myself that I was safely by. Then—was it courage, or curiosity, or cowardice lest I seem to myself a coward?—I turned my unwilling horse and rode back again.

The ghost was still there, and when I came somewhat near, renewed its hostile gesticulation and approach. My horse, which had barely got by when headed toward home, would go no farther when facing away from home. At length I dismounted, and holding my bridle in my left hand and my riding-whip in the right, approached the ghost. The ghost ceased to come toward me, and seeing me still coming on, began slowly to retreat, still waving me back with his flapping arms, and his broken-necked and bobbing head.

I would have advanced more rapidly, now that it was retreating, but my advance was impeded by the pulling back of my horse. I may as well confess that while I had courage enough, at a pinch, to face the ghost, I had not enough to hitch the horse. The horse was my final resort for a retreat, and I still did not know what object I was facing, or into what sort of ambushade he was backing.

I have heard that all men are cowards in the dark, and I partly believe it. Still I also believe that a man never really knows to what point his cowardice may be pushed back till he stands alone in the dark and face to face with peril.

I gained upon my ghost. At the last minute he got tangled in his own ghostliness and stumbled over a less ghostly companion, and I was upon him and punched the butt of my whip against the white. It yielded, and struck flesh behind; and the ghost shrank, frightened from the impact.

Then I seized the ghost firmly. He stopped, but two skulking figures ran away, and the ghost turned and grappled with me. I was at a disadvantage with only one hand, but I gave him a wrench that even a ghost may not have found comfortable, and which elicited a cry of pain.

It was the retreating footsteps of his companions, however, that most distressed him. As soon as he heard these, he was as much afraid to be alone with me as I had been to be alone with him; and I took courage from his fear, and from his solidity as well. My ghost was not just feeling the pain of a wrenched elbow.

I made another grab at him, and got him near the throat. He shook himself loose, but I held the cloth, and he disengaged himself from his ghostly trappings and ran. A moment later he fired his pistol, and then two other pistol-shots came from his companions a little farther down the road.

The danger was past. There was no chance of his hitting me while he ran, and his friends' shots were from a safe distance. It was far too dark for anything like certain aim, and I had no real idea that they wanted to hit me. It was their warning that I was not to follow them farther.

I had no thought of following them. I turned to inspect my capture. It was made of two sheets and some light poles. The two main sticks were crossed, and the upper part made the horns, while the lower part was either held by, or fastened to, the chief ghost. The head was a blown up bladder, and I must say that its hideous bobbing between the horns was frightful out of all proportion to its real character. I guessed that the arms were worked by the two assistants, but of this I was not sure. Their presence may have been for the sake of their moral support.

I tried to take my prize home, but I could not get it near my horse. So I threw it into the creek, remounted, shouted a somewhat boastful defiance to the ghost's friends, telling them, if I remember right, where they could find the

ghost, and that they would be found in the same place if they played ghost again, and rode off.

A quarter of a mile ahead, as I followed the ridge, I saw another white object approaching me, moving to right and left as the path followed the curves of the ridge. I was angry by this time, and ready to fight. I had had enough of ghosts for one night, I said to myself; so I bore down upon him at full speed. He looked terrifying as I came nearer, and was manifestly coming at me along the ridge top. But my horse did not shrink from him as from the former one.

In a moment we were upon him, and he turned with a bellow and fled down the ridge. It was a white steer. At another time he would not have startled me at all, but after the experience at the sycamore-tree I was ready to see a ghost in whatever looked white that night.

Even so, I am certain many people, in their nervous excitement, invest harmless objects seen at night and under unusual circumstances with all the attributes that make good ghost stories. This, however, did not explain the first ghost; but I did not have to wait long to learn the truth.

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I reflected that if I told no one about it, and came to hear of it, the report that reached me must needs come from the ghost or his friends.

Sure enough, within a fortnight a young man from the other district said to me: "I heered that you seed a ghost down by Bill Trooper's haunted dead sycamore."

"I take it that you were the ghost," said I.

He stoutly denied the accusation, and I pressed him as to the source of his information. And so it came out that he was not the ghost himself, but one of the kindred spirits that accompanied his ghostship. He gave me the names of the others, and I learned the animus of the ghost. There was a young lady in the family where the teacher boarded, and a young man who lived near and was fond of her, thought my frequent visits to the teacher were addressed to his lady-love. He devised this plan to discourage my visits, and had no difficulty in getting his friends to assist so worthy an enterprise.

That is the whole story, except that he is married now to the girl whom he loved and still loves. I am glad of it; for I never had the ghost of an idea of proving his rival.

rying, was sitting in the other end of the car, and the little knight made his way up to where she was sitting. "Hullo, Jenny!" he said in his cheerful voice.

"O John," said Jenny, with a little catch in her voice, "I've lost my dime! I think down here on the floor, and now I can't go to the show. I've looked and looked for it."

"Can't you get another?" asked John, anxiously, looking sharply at the floor.

"No. We are such a big family, you see, and I am in the middle of it; and people in the middle of families, I don't think, ever get any extras. They always take what's left."

"Yes, I've noticed that," said John. "I'm in the middle, too, and things are always too big or too little for me. I got my dime running an errand for grandma," he added, opening his squeezed-up hand and showing the moist bit of silver, which meant so much to him. "I say, Jenny," he added, heroically, "you take mine. Girls care more about things than—than—boys."

### A Little Knight.

Not to look at. No. He looked rather funny as he laboriously climbed the car steps, for his legs were very short, and he could get no help from his hands, for one carried his dinner-bucket and the other held something squeezed up tight.

But the conductor knew him well, and helped him up, and he appeared in the doorway smiling broadly at the passengers, who all smiled back into the round, freckled face with such a mere button of a nose that it looked as if it had been pounded in.

A little friend of his, who had evidently been

But Jenny was proof against this temptation. She shut her eyes, and shook her head hard. "No, indeed, I won't take yours," she said, firmly. "I guess I know about boys and shows. I've saved this dime for the longest time, and I was so glad when the man said the school children could come for ten cents. Just suppose he'd said fifteen! But now —"

The tears were coming again, and John dropped down to look for the coin.

He hunted for some minutes and a sharp-eyed woman saw him drop his dime down in the straw, then pick it up. Then he rose up. "Here you are, Jenny!" he said.

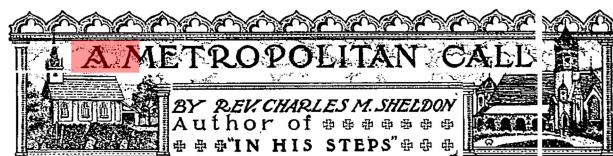
"O John, thank you, thank you!" cried Jenny, beaming. "I never can find things."

When they got off at the schoolhouse the sharp-eyed woman got off, too.

And that may have explained the fact that John's teacher at recess handed him a square envelope. In it was a ticket to the show, a bright silver dime, and a tiny slip of paper on which was written, "For the good knight, John." John did not understand that very well; the only knight he knew much about was a disagreeable time of day connected with bedtime. But he understood the dime and ticket very well, and he beamed like a small freckled sun; as you do when you are young and in the middle of a family and delightful things happen.

L. E. CHITTENDEN.





REV. JOHN WARDEN had just opened a letter bearing the New York postmark. He had read only a few lines when he rose from his chair in great excitement and rushed down-stairs to the kitchen, where his wife was cooking dinner.

"Sarah, what do you think of this?" he exclaimed. "I have had a call to the Marble Square Church, New York!"

The minister's wife was so astonished that she could not speak at first; then she said, "It cannot be true, John! Surely you must be mistaken!"

"But here is the letter. Just listen to this, will you?"

The minister backed up against the kitchen table without noticing the flour he was rubbing off upon his coat. His wife listened in amazement to the letter:

THE REV. JOHN WARDEN, Fleming, Vt.

Dear Sir and Brother: The Marble Square Church, at its regular meeting last Thursday night, voted unanimously to extend you a call to become pastor of the church at a salary of six thousand dollars a year, and the parsonage in High Street Court. The church also voted to grant you two months' vacation annually, the time to be chosen by you at your own convenience.

We trust that this action of the church, which was heartily unanimous, will meet with as hearty a response from you. We feel that we have made a wise choice, and we are sure the relations between us will be very cordial from the moment of your acceptance. An early answer will be regarded as a great favor. In behalf of the trustees and members of the Marble Square Church, I am, Very truly your brother,

JAMES ROLAND, Clerk.

New York, January 15, 189-.

"Well, Sarah, what do you think of that? Did you ever suppose I should receive such a letter?"

"No, I never did. How do you suppose they came to give you such a call?"

"I am sure I do not know," the minister answered, modestly.

"Perhaps those strangers who were at church three weeks ago—"

The minister's wife paused, then continued excitedly:

"Yes! You remember, John, those three men who stayed at the hotel that Sunday you preached the sermon on Power? It was an unusually good sermon. Those strangers must have been a committee from the Marble Square Church, and they have reported favorably, giving you a call without waiting for you to preach first in New York."

"Do you think I ought to accept the call?" asked the Rev. John Warden, thoughtfully.

"Of course!" The minister's wife spoke with great decision. "Won't it be splendid to live in New York after all these years in this little town? O John, think of it! Six thousand dollars a year and a parsonage! More than six times as much as you are getting now! Won't it be grand?"

"It will be hard to leave Fleming, though!" The minister sighed. "We have been here now nearly fifteen years, and I have come to love the people very much."

"Still, I don't think they have appreciated your



"HIS WIFE LISTENED IN AMAZEMENT."

preaching, John," said the minister's wife, energetically, as she opened the stove door and took out a pie. "The New York people have discovered you."

He talked over the remarkable event a little longer with his wife, and then went up-stairs into his study, but he was too excited to work on his sermon, and he went out and took a walk.

The letter burned in his pocket, and obeying a sudden impulse, he stepped into Deacon Sayles's as he passed down the main street.

The deacon was at home, and the minister showed him the letter.

The deacon read it slowly, not understanding at first what it all meant. When he reached the end, however, he looked over his spectacles and said, quietly, "So you are going to leave us, parson?"

The Rev. John Warden felt a little embarrassed.

"I have talked it over with my wife. Yes, I suppose I shall accept. I wanted to see you and Deacon Binney, and bring the matter before the church before deciding positively."

"I'd accept if I was you," said the deacon. "You won't have another call like that very soon. We shall miss you, though. Let's see. How long have you been with us?"

"Fifteen years this coming Christmas," replied the minister, thoughtfully.

"Yes, yes. A long pastorate, as pastorates go nowadays. Well, we shall not know what to do when you are gone."

The minister went home feeling somewhat depressed; and he was surprised, also, for he had never heard Deacon Sayles express so much feeling during the fifteen years he had known him.

He decided to accept the call; but first it was necessary to bring the matter before the church. The regular weekly meeting came on Wednesday

night. There was a very large attendance, for rumors of the call had already reached Fleming people.

The letter was read and the minister made a few remarks at the close of the meeting. He was much affected, and Deacon Binney, who had the reputation of being one of the hardest-headed farmers in the township, sat with head erect, the tears rolling over his weather-beaten face.

When the Rev. John Warden reached home that night, after a very affecting scene which followed the meeting, he was almost minded to refuse the call. However, the next morning he wrote a letter in which he accepted the pastorate of the Marble Square Church. The letter was mailed, and the minister then began a sermon in which he gave his reasons for making a change, closing with his formal resignation. This was to be read Sunday morning.

Meanwhile, Fleming village and parish was greatly stirred over the minister's metropolitan call. "I tell you what!" said old Jake Bowers, the village blacksmith, as he leaned against his anvil and a group of listeners stood around. "We are going to lose a mighty good man out of this parish. Last Sunday's sermon was a powerful one, I reckon. I noticed, I said to myself when the service was over, 'That kind of preaching will lose us our minister if the city folks once hears him.'"

"Jake must have dreamed that he said it," drawled out Bill Covill, the miller's assistant, "because he was asleep all through the sermon last Sunday."

"Asleep yourself!" retorted Jake, who, however, turned very red in the face as he blew up his forge.

"All the same, it's a great loss to all Fleming parish," said Judge Howard, thoughtfully. "I don't know how we are going to get along without the parson. He certainly is a master preacher. The wonder to me is that the city folks have not found it out before this."

"Seems kind o' queer his church-members haven't been more regular in their attendance on such fine preaching," said Job Wilbur, who was not a member himself, and posed as a skeptic for the village.

"How often have you heard him?" asked the judge, sharply.

"Oh, I've been to church once a year, and on funeral occasions," replied Job, carelessly.

"The parson will make a stir in New York, I reckon," said Abe Lyons. And then the talk went on in praise of the parson, and regret at his leaving the parish.

At Deacon Binney's, the family was discussing the same general topic of conversation, when Deacon Sayles came in.

"Well, neighbor, this is a blow to Fleming parish, isn't it? New York must want our minister pretty bad. It seems they sent up three men as a committee to listen three Sundays ago, and now comes this call. Well! Well! I never really thought we had been listening to such great talent for years."

"Haden't you? I've been more than suspicious myself for some time. Fact is, Deacon Sayles, we've been sitting under the best preaching for years and haven't appreciated it."

"Of course we can't give six thousand dollars a year and parsonage," said Deacon Sayles, a little gloomily.

"Of course not. It's a great pity, though, that we never offered to raise the salary. We might have kept him from getting discontented."

Deacon Sayles shook his head, but after agreeing that the parish had not appreciated its minister as it should, he went on to the next neighbor's to talk over the news.

That was a very trying week for the Rev. John Warden. When he went out to make his afternoon calls he was astonished at the feeling expressed. Old Sallie Barnes, who was an invalid, with inflammatory rheumatism, and who always wanted to know, when he called, why he had not come a week sooner, broke down and cried like a child when he went in to see her this time.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" she moaned, rocking back and forth in her old chair. "I shall die if you go away! I know I shall! And I never can get used to any one else! No one knows my troubles as you do!"

When he went away she refused to be comforted, and he left the poor old woman sobbing and groaning in a pitiful manner.

As he moved on up the village street, people who for years had not said anything more than "good morning" surprised him by coming out of their shops and houses to shake his hand and express regret at his departure.

Then he had a very sick parishioner to visit out on the hills. He drove out and found him in a critical condition. The family had not heard of the minister's metropolitan call, and when he told them, they all surrounded him, in tears and with clasped hands, and one of the children climbed into his lap and said, "Who will come to see father when you are gone?" It was a very painful experience for him, and when he drove back to the village he was very much depressed, and somehow could not rally his spirits, even when he thought of the six thousand dollars and

the parsonage on High Street Court, and the great church and its pipe-organ and fashionable quartet choir.

So matters went on until Saturday night. The minister never had known that his parish cared so much for him. Even Job Wilbur expressed his sorrow at the parson's departure, and said something rather hurriedly about ministers being necessary to a community. Old Uncle Peters, who had not spoken to him for a long time because of something he had once said in a sermon about tobacco-using, came and asked him to forgive his taking offence, and promised to be out to church on the coming Sunday. The people of the parish were already planning a farewell reception, and the whole village was evidently stirred to its depths by his acceptance of the call.

"My dear," said the minister to his wife, when Saturday night came, "I never knew how much the church and parish cared for us. It is a revelation. I am almost of a mind to reconsider my acceptance of the New York call."

"That would be very foolish," replied his wife. "It is true the people love you very much. It is a great pity they have not shown it oftener."

"We are all liable to that fault;" the minister sighed as he said it. "We do not show our love to our dearest friends, and too often wait until they are dead before we tell them how much we think of them."

This was Saturday night. The morning sermon, in which the minister had given his reasons for seeking a wider field, lay on his desk, together with his resignation as pastor of Fleming church.

"I think I will go up to the post-office and get the mail," said the minister to his wife, as he heard the evening train come in. Generally he waited until Monday morning, but he felt restless and uneasy, and went out.

When he came back, he had an open letter in his hand, and his face was pale and wore an expression that would be difficult to describe.

"John!" cried his wife, as he came into the centre of the room, nearer the light on the table. "What is the matter?"

"I have another letter from New York," said the minister, with a feeble smile. "Let me read it to you."

He was not so excited as before, but his voice trembled a little as he read:

REV. JOHN WARDEN, Fleming, Vt.

*Dear Sir and Brother:* I hasten to correct a most embarrassing and distressful blunder on my part in reference to a letter directed to you by mistake, and answered by you in good faith. The call of the Marble Square Church which was sent to you was intended for the brother who bears your name, even to the same initials, and who lives in the town of Fleming, but in another state. My great blunder consisted in carelessly writing the name of your state instead of his. I trust that you will pardon this most unfortunate error. I am very much chagrined that so grave a mistake has been made, and hope your plans will not be too seriously disturbed by this necessary correction of my carelessness. With very much regret, I am, my dear sir, yours truly, JAMES ROLAND,

Clerk of Marble Square Church, New York.

January 21, 1890.

For several moments neither the minister nor his wife said a word. Then the minister said quietly:

"Then it seems those three strangers were —"

"Yes, they were commercial travellers, evidently!" exclaimed his wife. "O John! What will you do now?"

"I shall have to preach without notes to-morrow," he answered with a smile.

But the minister's wife, to tell the truth, sat down and had a good cry. Then she recovered her equanimity, and consoled her husband and made the best of it.

When Sunday morning came and the minister went into his pulpit, he faced the largest audience he had ever seen in Fleming church. All his members were out, all the people who, for one reason or another, had not been to church for years, several families from the adjoining township, and, most conspicuous of all, Job Wilbur, in his best clothes, sat in the front row of the gallery, the sneer on his face almost gone.

The Rev. John Warden must have preached a little better than usual. His heart was warm with the love of his people, and he had had time to recover from his first disappointment. He preached on the fellowship of the saints. And as the people did not yet know the news of the mistake in the call, they were attentive up to the last moment of the sermon. As he finished, a movement of expectation went over the audience.

The people, of course, expected him to read his resignation as a formal act, necessitated by his previous acceptance of the call to the Marble Square Church. He had already decided on his course, and without hesitation he said:

"Friends, I have a communication to read to you. As you all know, I have received and accepted a call to the Marble Square Church in New York. It is now necessary for me to read the following, in order that you may know the reason for my doing as I do."

Accordingly he opened and read the letter from the clerk which he had received the night before. The Rev. John Warden will never forget the look that swept over the people as he finished reading. If it had not been Sunday and in church, Jake Bowers afterward said, he would have led off with three cheers. As it was, almost every one broke down and cried. Deacon Sayles blew his nose, and Deacon Binney wiped his bald head nervously with the

cover of a hymn-book. And when the service was over, no one ever saw such a handshaking in Fleming parish.

The people gave the reception to the minister, after all. They said there had not been enough sociability in the church for a long time. The Rev. John Warden seemed to grow young again, and found some new texts for sermons. His wife feels a little regret as time goes on, but it

seems as if the people could not do enough to show their love for them both.

"After all, I can always say that I once had a call to a metropolitan pulpit," he says to his wife when she thinks his sermons are not appreciated; and as the parish of Fleming grows dearer to him the longer he knows it and loves it, he can speak without regret and with actual amusement of his famous metropolitan call.



## A Peculiar "Death Message."



THE telegraph operators who served during the Civil War were nearly all young and many were mere boys; but the stirring times in which they worked and the peculiar nature of their duties often compelled them to think quickly and act promptly.

The following incident illustrates the responsibilities they were sometimes obliged to take. The story was told at the last reunion of the Old-

Nine Telegraphers' Association, and is true in every particular, although message and translation, being given, as they were, from memory, may differ verbally from the originals.

One morning, during the early days of 1862, a military telegrapher sat by his sounder leisurely reading the morning news, when the operator at the other end of the line called him up and began to send a message. It proved to be a long and peculiar one. When finished it read somewhat as follows:

To James M. Calderwood, Barnes's Hotel.

Grace N. Sawyer, fourth child of Morris D. Sawyer and Emily Yates, who, as you know, was third child of Horace Yates by his second wife, died of lung fever at family residence, 15 Prospect Street, at seven o'clock and fifteen minutes this morning. Funeral will take place Thursday at three o'clock. Body will be buried in lot No. 6, Range S, Hillside Cemetery.

(Signed) H. WILKINSON.

As he wrote out this long message the young operator began to grow suspicious. First, he was struck by the frequent appearance of numbers in the dispatch. Next, he was impressed by its wordiness and the pains taken to convey details of information in regard to the dead woman which, he reasoned, would hardly be sent to any one but a relative or intimate friend of the afflicted family, and to such a person would already be well known and therefore superfluous.

A careful second reading of the message, although it really brought out nothing more tangible, strengthened the operator's suspicions. Without further hesitation he called up the operator who had sent the dispatch and asked, "Is there a provost marshal anywhere within your reach?"

The answer came back at once, "Yes; one standing right here by my side."

"Tell him to arrest at once the man who filed that message."

The operator then communicated his suspicions to the authorities at the other end of the line. The prisoner was searched, and a cipher code discovered, by the aid of which the strange dispatch was slowly deciphered. The result justified the young operator's prompt action. Translation had transformed the elaborate "death" message into something like this:

"Enemy is rapidly bringing up his fourth division, with evident intent to reinforce third division of second corps. His artillery force now contains fifteen heavy guns and seven light field-pieces. Lines are fifteen miles apart. His scouting parties have advanced about three miles to west, and from six to eight miles south."

As soon as the purport of the telegram was made known, a watch was set on Barnes's Hotel, in the hope of apprehending "James M. Calderwood," but in some way he had become alarmed and never called for his message. The quick wit and prompt action of the young operator had, however, resulted in the capture of one Confederate secret service agent, who was duly sent north to a military prison.

# A TERRIBLE FOLLOWER

By Charles G. D. Roberts



IN the years between 1840 and 1850, settlers were few and scattered in what is now the fertile and prosperous Aroostook region of northeastern Maine. The red deer had not yet retreated before the rifle and the axe of the pioneer; and where the deer lingered, there lingered, too, their hereditary foes, the wolves. Seldom gathering to the hunt in packs, these wolves were little accounted of by the settlers; but to their stealthy depredations might be charged the vanishing of certain strayed children, or solitary women, or tired travellers.

The following adventure was told me by an old lady, Mrs. Hetty Turner, part of whose childhood was passed in a pioneer's cabin on the head waters of the Aroostook River. Her father, James Atkinson, a widower, devoted his winters to lumbering and his summers to heaving himself a farm out of the wilderness; and Hetty took charge of the cabin, the chickens and the pig. Schooling she had had at her former home, and her father's small library accompanied her into the backwoods.

"Our nearest neighbors," said Mrs. Turner, "were Cyrus Turner's family, about three miles away. They were on the main Caribou road, while we had settled on Hardwood Ridge, where the land was better. A rough wood-road ran from our place about two miles, till it struck the Caribou road about a mile this side of Turner's."

"Mr. Turner had had a large family before he moved up the Aroostook, but had lost all but the two eldest boys in an epidemic of diphtheria. Then, in the backwoods, two more children came to them, a boy and a girl. At the time I am telling of, the little boy was between four and five years old, and the little girl perhaps six."

"They took a great fancy to me, and father liked to see them around, so one of their big brothers used to bring them over to our place pretty often to spend the day."

"One sunny September afternoon, when father was off in the woods, I heard the patter of little feet outside the door, and small fists knocking for admittance. It was the two little Turners."

"I asked them where Tom was,—Tom was my favorite of their big brothers,—and what had made him hurry away so. They told me they had come all the way alone. They said their father and Tom and Bill were away somewhere, and their mother had gone to sleep, after washing the dinner dishes; and they had wanted to see me 'just awfully,' so they walked!"

"Of course I was pleased at such devotion. I kissed the hot and dusty little faces, and brought out a liberal supply of milk and molasses-cake, which soon disappeared. But presently I thought of the anxiety Mrs. Turner would feel when she found the children were missing. So I decided to walk right back with them, and to depend on getting Mr. Turner or one of the boys to drive me home."

"First, however, I had to do the milking, and then get father's supper ready. I left a note on his plate telling him where I had gone, and then started off with my little visitors. They were very loath to go at first; but I explained to them that soon it would be getting dark in the woods, and we should all be frightened."

"Even as I spoke, I noticed with some uneasiness that the shadows were growing long. I hurried off at as quick a pace as I thought the little ones could stand, and the first half-mile of our journey was soon left behind."

"Then, however, I had to slacken our speed. Eddie's fat little legs were getting very tired. He had to sit down on a log and rest. Meanwhile, Mamie and I picked blackberries, both for ourselves and Eddie; and when we started on again, I was careful not to go so fast. But it made me uncomfortable to see there was no chance of our reaching the Turners' till after sundown."

"In a little while Eddie began to complain of his foot hurting. I took off his shoe and found a severe stone-bruise; so I wet a couple of leaves in a spring by the roadside, and put them inside



"MY BLOOD RAN COLD."

his sock. This gave him some relief, but he had to cling to my hand and walk slowly."

"I think we must have been a good mile from the crossroads, when all at once Mamie, who was flitting about, untiring as a bird, stopped short and exclaimed in a frightened voice:

"'Look, Hetty; look at the big dog!'

"'Big g'ay dog!' remarked Eddie, looking over his shoulder with much interest."

"When I glanced back along the road, I couldn't help giving a little scream of fright. There was a huge wolf following us! He was keeping along the shady side of the road, and when we stopped he stopped, too, skulking behind a tree."

"When I saw that he was not going to rush right upon us I took courage again. But the children had been frightened by my fear."

"'Isn't it a dog, Hetty?' asked Mamie, her eyes getting very big."

"'No,' said I, 'I don't think it is! Come and take hold of my other hand.' And I began to drag Eddie forward at a rate that must have hurt his sore foot a good deal."

"But Mamie was not satisfied."

"'Is it a wolf?' she asked, with trembling lips. When I was silent, she suddenly burst out crying, and began to run."

"For us to separate would be fatal. The wolf would leave us, and attack her alone."

"I dropped Eddie's hand and sprang after Mamie like a flash; and the poor little fellow, thinking we had both deserted him, cried out in bitterest grief, and ran after us as fast as his short legs could carry him. As I caught Mamie, and turned to drag her back toward Eddie, the look of despair and desolation on the little one's face was such as I can never forget."

"Heavy as he was, I had to pick him up and carry him a little way. I kept tight hold of Mamie with one hand till I explained that if she ran away from Eddie and me the wolf would go right after her and eat her up. After that she kept tight hold of my petticoat."

"Meanwhile the animal had skulked a little nearer. He was waiting for the dark to come. As there were three of us, and I was pretty tall, he didn't like to spring on us in the daylight. I looked through the tree-tops at the western sky,

and my heart sank as I saw that it would be dark before we could get to our journey's end."

"We made desperate haste now, and whenever Eddie began to give out I would pick him up in my arms and struggle on till my own breath quite failed me. The shadows kept deepening, and as they deepened that dreadful form behind us kept drawing nearer."

"At last, as I set Eddie down for the third or fourth time, the wolf made a short run forward, as if to spring upon us."

"Eddie, catching a near glimpse of his cruel eyes and long, uncovered teeth, began to cry at the very top of his voice, while Mamie and I both screamed. The noise appeared to daunt the sneaking brute somewhat, and he drew back."

"But as we hurried onward Eddie continued his shrill wailing, and stumbled along so blindly, amid his tears, that I was in despair. Nothing I could say made any difference, and it was oh, so slow, dragging the poor little fellow along; and at last I just burst out crying myself."

"Of course that started Mamie, and I began to feel as if we should just have to give up. You see, the strain was beginning to tell on my nerves so that I wasn't quite myself."

"However, it was just that crying of Eddie's that saved us, under God's providence. I am sure the noise we all made bothered the wolf so that he kept waiting for it to get a little darker. And then, which was more important, the sound was carried on the still evening air till it could be distinctly heard on the main Caribou road."

"Tom Turner was tramping wearily homeward along that main road, having been into Caribou or business for his father. As he neared the cross-road a queer sound reached his ears. At first he thought it was an Indian devil screaming, and quickened his steps. Then it came clearer, on a little puff of breeze. It was a child crying terribly."

"Tom Turner forgot his fatigue, and started up the cross-road on a run, swinging his heavy stick. He was not a hundred yards away from us, but hidden from view around a turn of the road, when the wolf, growing bolder, crept quite

close to our heels, with a terrible low snarl."

"At that sound my knees fairly gave way beneath me. As I sank in the dust and stones I hardly noticed the shrill screams of the children, but I remember giving them a shove ahead and telling them to run! Then I shut my eyes, and expected the next instant to feel the wolf's teeth in my throat."

"After lying in this stupor of fear for perhaps half a minute, which seemed to me an age, I felt a dim surprise. Then the horrible thought occurred to me that the wolf had sprung upon the children. I leaped to my feet and stared wildly around."

"There was no wolf in sight. But—could I trust my eyes? There was Tom stepping up to my side, with both children sobbing in his arms!"

"I caught tight hold of him with both hands, and clung to him, crying harder than I had ever cried before, till presently I heard him say: 'Well, Hetty, brace up and come along home, and then I'll hitch up Old Bess and drive you back to your place after tea.'

"When I had wiped my eyes, and brushed the dust off my petticoat, we continued our journey without hurrying, although now, as Tom carried Eddie, it was easy to keep up a good pace. Presently I inquired:

"'What did you do to the wolf, Tom?'

"'Oh,' said Tom, 'I didn't get a chance to do anything to the cowardly blackguard. He was fairly on you, Hetty, and my blood ran cold as I thought he was going to tear you before I could get up. But at the first sound of my yell he turned tail and was off among the trees like a streak. I let fly my stick, but missed him—and came mighty near hitting you, Hetty!'

"When we reached Mr. Turner's, Eddie was asleep in Tom's arms, and Mamie, although dreadfully exhausted, was none the worse for her adventure. But as for me, I just went all to pieces, and acted like a fool."

"I fainted on the kitchen floor, and had to be put to bed; and instead of driving home with Tom after supper, I was sick in that bed for three days. Even now, although I've never seen a wolf since, except in a circus, I think I'm more afraid of wolves than of any other animal on earth."

## A Whale's Maternal Love.

*The Youth's Companion* (1827-1929); Jan 25, 1900; 74, 4; American Periodicals  
pg. 44

## A Whale's Maternal Love.

**T**HE sperm-whale is not a fond mother, and often deserts her offspring at the appearance of danger. The humpback, however, is both a devoted and a courageous mother, and will protect her young, regardless of her own pain and danger. Mr. Bullen, in his "Cruise of the *Cachalot*," the narrative of a whaling voyage, describes the killing of a cow humpback whose mother-love was wonderful.

The *Cachalot* was cruising off Vavau, a group of the Friendly Islands, and one day, just before night, the spout of a whale was seen. A careful bearing was taken of the spot, and an hour before daybreak the next morning the boats were lowered and rowed to the bay where the spout had been seen.

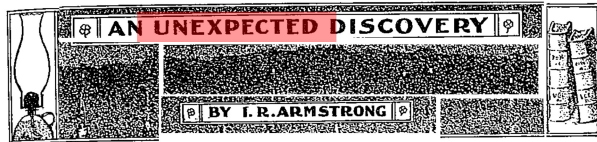
While the men were resting on their oars the placid breathing of a whale was heard, and the crews, straining their eyes, saw a pale, shadowy column of white shimmering against the dark mass of the cliff, not a quarter of a mile away.

Dipping their oars carefully, so that no sound might alarm the whale, they approached near enough for the harpooner of the head boat to dart two harpoons into the huge body. The whale took not the least notice of the thrusts. The astonished whalers saw a youngling closely nestling to her side. The small body, embraced by the long, wing-like fin, was pressed to the mother's massive breast. Her only thought, although she must have suffered intense pain, was to protect her baby, not more than five days old.

The calf sought to escape from the enfolding fin, making all sorts of puny struggles, while the mother, although the blood streamed from her wounds, hardly moved from her position. Once, as the deep thrust of a lance entered her vitals, she raised her massive flukes high in air; but in that throe of agony she remembered the possible danger to her young one, and the tremendous tail was laid as softly upon the water as if it had been a feather fan.

But whalemén never permit sentiment to interfere with their work. The crews saw the mother die, holding the calf to her side; then with a single lance-thrust they killed it. They were intent on "ille," not on an exhibition of maternal love.





SOMETHING over forty years ago Gaius Eaton and I became students of a popular school in the State of New York, which we had long wished to attend, although up to within a month of our entrance we might, it seemed, as reasonably have wished for seats in Congress. But unexpected circumstances made it possible for my father to send not only me but Gaius, whose widowed mother was father's beloved sister.

In the unfamiliar city we were comfortably established near the top of a large, square-built house standing on high ground. Our rooms overlooked a long stretch of the river which flows past the town, and a wide tract of open country beyond. This view across the river was broken by certain buildings scattered on high ground on the side of the river, and by a corresponding hill-like eminence on the other shore, perhaps a mile and a half away.

That portion of the city south of us and upon the high ground to the southeast was directly under our gaze whenever we approached a window, and our rural eyes never tired of the enchanting scene. It charmed us particularly at early evening, when the house and street lights were appearing singly and by dozens.

We prepared our own meals and patronized a convenient little variety store, owned and managed by an inquisitive old gentleman named Mason, where we purchased bakers' goods, milk, fruits, and so forth.

His only helper was a young man of twenty or thereabouts, who had sleeping-rooms on the floor above, but boarded with a private family, —distant relatives, he said,—with whom he frequently stayed overnight when taking an evening "off."

They were both friendly to us—Mr. Mason especially so, after learning that we had come from his native county. After a time, we learned that he was a man of considerable property. He had, in fact, such business ability that he had acquired a liberal competence years before, in a partnership which a long period of illness had compelled him to relinquish.

This affliction came after a worse one, the death of his wife and only child; so when his health improved, he felt no incentive to reënter business in a large way. But merely to "avoid rusting out," as he termed it, he established himself where we found him. He was well preserved physically, except that he was very deaf, which did not prevent him being an attractive, cheery old gentleman. Of course his infirmity obliged him to rely much upon his clerk, George Dow—a bright, wide-awake young man who had been in his employ upward of two years.

Dow's cordial, pleasant ways attracted Gaius, with whom he was soon on intimate terms. As for myself, I liked him in a general way, as one likes all agreeable people, and no more. Gaius, noticing what he chose to call my "indifference," inquired what I had against Dow. I replied, "I can't think of anything I have against him."

Still, an indefinable feeling—not exactly suspicion of him, but rather a sense of inability to estimate him satisfactorily—was constantly with me when in his presence. I told Gaius, when he chided me: "I can't account for the feeling, Gaius; but I don't intend to give Dow any reason for suspecting my sentiments. There is no reason why I should not treat him well, for he is always polite, so let us agree to disagree concerning him."

"All right," said Gaius, "but I don't see into it," and so the matter dropped.

Months of our school-days passed uneventfully, nothing varying the monotony but a street arrest or a runaway. Yet we frequently heard of the doings of what was supposed to be an organized gang of local roughs, the daily lengthening story

of whose petty villainies caused much curbstone discussion and unsparing criticism of the police.

These novel experiences did not distract our attention from study, and we advanced satisfactorily, although we sometimes had to burn the midnight oil in order to keep up with our classes.

Often on these occasions we observed across the river a light,—merely a lamp in somebody's window, apparently,—which continued to shine brilliantly after the neighboring lights were extinguished. This persistence attracted our attention at the outset, and after a while we curiously looked for the light when darkness came. Sometimes it was missing.

"How many lights can you see over there in that vicinity?" asked Gaius one evening.

"Eight," said I, counting. "I counted eight last evening," he replied, "but a good many times I can make only seven."

"Oh, well," said I, "I don't suppose the people living there are setting up lamps for us to count."

"No; but most likely they put their lights, as we and others do, in certain places every night, and so we ought —" He left his remarks unfinished and hastily resumed his book, while I betook myself to Mason's store on my customary trip for our next day's bread.

I found Mr. Mason, George Dow and two women customers in some excitement, for the store had been robbed the night before—George's night off. Mr. Mason's story was interrupted and rendered nearly unintelligible by his nervous additions and corrections. Apparently, after a lapse of twelve hours or more since his discovery of the robbery his agitation had not abated, although he declared the loss of slight importance—thirty dollars taken from the till, and jewelry, cigars, tobacco and bakers' goods enough to make a total value of one hundred dollars.

"I don't care for the money," he repeatedly insisted. "What makes me mad, though, is their taking advantage of my deafness and coming in here during George's absence—that's meanness! Breaking that till must have made noise enough to wake ten sound men! I believe the job was done by rascals who knew my infirmity, and that it was George's custom to spend Wednesday night at home. What do you think, George?"

"It certainly looks like it," said George, with conviction.

"Well, I don't know that it makes much difference, if they can't be caught, what particular villains stole my property; but I do know," he testily said, "I'd give twice its value to see them well settled where they belong."

Gaius and I, upon my return with the news, became so absorbed in discussing it that what he was to tell me was forgotten until the following evening, when he called my attention to the lights and a diagram he had made, illustrating their relative positions.

Kneeling at the window, the sill of which was very high, he said, "This straight, horizontal line represents the level of the window-ledge, and these little circles at different heights above the line and scattered along the paper are the thirteen houses visible in the daytime on the other side of the river. You see some of the circles contain each a dot inside; they are the houses where lights are commonly seen evenings."

"I saw only seven lights when I drew this, and they are so widely separated I think they can all be located by daylight; but now I can see eight lights—the new one is pretty near to the two farthest down-stream. If that proves to be

the one we have often seen at midnight, I would like to know just where it is."

"Probably it is in the room of some invalid," said I; "perhaps the house where we saw that consumptive young man the first time we were across the river. Don't you remember the fellow who tried to sell us the fancy pigeons?"

"Yes; and by daylight I can make out the farmhouse. I should not be surprised if it were the same place."

Sticking a pin into the window-sash, he took from the stand a strip of pasteboard, made a pinhole through one end, and looked through it at the pin and the distant light.

"That's all right," said he, pulling the stand under the window. Upon it he piled books, in such a position as to hold the pasteboard strip perpendicularly. Then he peeped through the pinhole as if it were a gun-sight, and carefully adjusted it at the right elevation. Turning to me, he said, "Look through it."

I did so, and saw that pinhole, angle and light were exactly on a line.

"Now let it remain there till daylight, and we'll see then what house we're aiming at," said he.

"Say, Elbert," called Gaius, early next morning, "have you been meddling with this?"

"Why, no, of course not!" I replied, with a touch of indignation. "What's the matter?"

"It doesn't point at any house at all this morning," he said.

"What does it point at?" I asked.

"Why, there's nothing in range except that old pile of rubbish on the farther bank of the river! There isn't much to be seen but part of



a roof, and that seems to be flat on the ground. One thing is certain, anyhow; the light is not at the house where we saw the sick man."

I went down-stairs and returned with a field-glass borrowed of a boarder. It disclosed very little, and so I said, "When we can get the time, Gaius, let's go over there and inspect the premises; my curiosity is roused about this business."

"I'll go," Gaius replied. "Let's say Saturday afternoon, if it does not rain."

We saw the light as usual on Thursday and Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoon found us early on the opposite side of the river, which we reached in a rowboat. With the sluggish current we moved slowly toward a point opposite the rubbish-heap. There we pulled ashore in shallow water.

The rubbish-heap appeared to be the ruins of a house, little of which remained except the roof, which, upon the collapse of the supporting timbers, had fallen and split apart. One half stood on edge on the cellar bottom, the other half lodged on the first and on the wall in such a manner as to enclose and re-roof about a third of the cellar.

There was no entrance discoverable, no holes through which anything except impenetrable gloom could be distinguished, and nothing in surroundings or the outside mass of rubbish—broken boards, rotten straw, sawdust and so forth—to indicate the presence of human kind since it became a ruin.

"I'm bound to look inside before I leave," I said.

"That's right," replied Gaius. "But they say 'there's a better way to get into a jug than by creaking it.' Let's take a look down the bank," he continued, going to the corner of the foundation and peering down the steep slope to the water's edge some twenty feet below. "Look there! See those chicken bones!" he cried.

Sure enough, there were many bones on the bank, besides other offal in the water's edge.

"Somebody boards pretty near here," said I. "Those things must have been thrown out of the cellar." But we could not examine on that side, for the bank broke away abruptly, so near the foundation that passage round it was impossible.

Returning, Gaius said, "I am going into the open cellar again to look under the rubbish. Help me take this old door around the other side to climb out on." Stooping, he raised one end of the door from the ground, where it had been lying flat. As he raised it I caught sight of a large hole in the ground underneath.

"Eureka!" I shouted, and together we threw the door over, so as to expose an entrance through the wall big enough to admit a man.

Without a thought of meeting any occupants, we entered immediately. The little light admitted through the opening enabled us to discern a lamp on a small shelf, and this, when lighted, disclosed a room about ten by thirty feet in area and a little higher than our heads. On one side were several bunks filled with straw; against the other was a long bench, with brackets for lamps above.

Upon the bench and ground were boxes and bags, some of which we examined, finding masks, dark lanterns, and everything else belonging to burglars' outfits, stolen goods in great quantity and variety, including a number of boxes of Mr. Mason's cigars—a private brand readily recognized,—and numerous specimens of counterfeit coins and the dies with which they were made.

We said little until our amazement had in a measure abated, when I broke out with, "What do you think, Gaius?"

"I think it will show good judgment if we move out of this vicinity before anybody 'drops in,'" he said; and with his opinion I readily agreed.

Very carefully we replaced everything as found, went at once to police headquarters, related our experiences, and readily secured the cooperation of the authorities in a plan to capture the gang that very evening. The chief proposed that if the usual light was observed, we should present ourselves before him at eleven P. M., and guide a posse to the den.

This arranged, we went home, stopping at Mason's store by the way to inform our friends of what was in the wind. Mr. Mason had gone to supper, and George was so busy with customers there was no opportunity to tell him of our discoveries, so on our return to fulfil our appointment we called again. This time we found Mr. Mason, who showed an excited interest in our story; but George was absent. It was his night off. Mr. Mason did not expect his return before the next morning's opening hour.

A sergeant and four men crossed the river under the guidance of Gaius at the hour agreed upon, and went down its opposite bank to a designated point, while another policeman accompanied me in a rowboat on the route taken by Gaius and myself in the afternoon.

At the ruin, dimly distinguished in the darkness, we eagerly awaited the signal announcing the arrival of our party. It soon appeared—merely a match-light, to which we replied by another. Then we took a position opposite the window, a few feet from the bank, and the men above stealthily lifted the old door. One after another, the sergeant first, they slipped rapidly down into the cellar.

It was very nearly a complete surprise, for three of the scamps were taken in their bunks. The fourth, dexterously eluding the officers, leaped nimbly upon a bench, thence to the window, and like a shot went through it feet foremost, down the bank into the water. There he stuck in the mud!

My companion, the policeman, clapped the handcuffs on him in the darkness, collared him and pulled him ashore. With the remark, "Now we'll see what we've got," he opened his lantern and turned its light on his mutt-bedraggled prisoner.

I might have been knocked down with a feather! It was George Dow!

He did not say a word; neither did I, and truly, I think I could not have spoken had I tried.

The sudden realization of his duplicity and black baseness simply stunned me, and Gaius was even more astounded, more deeply shocked than myself, by the unexpected exposure of his friend's villainy.

He said to me later, "Your suspicions of George were correct, after all."

"No," I replied, "that would be claiming too much. I did not suspect him, I simply did not know what to think of him. Now I know, but I cannot tell now any better than before, the reason of my antipathy."

Of the trial and conviction of the captured gang, it is unnecessary to speak.

The papers and people praised Gaius and me highly, and foolishly, we thought, for we knew that our discovery of the gang's haunt was due to "fool luck," as Gaius tersely stated it—it was the surprising outcome of a childish curiosity, and not gained by any particular shrewdness on our part. But of this we said little, except to Mr. Mason, whose extravagant praise we vainly tried to modify.

On the evening of our departure for home at the end of the school year, we called at his store to say good-by. As usual at that hour he was very busy, and consequently said little, but shaking hands with each and wishing us a pleasant journey, he handed me a sealed envelope,

bearing the inscription, "Messrs. Croft and Eaton  
—to be read after reaching your destination."

We refrained from opening it until we reached  
home, and then its contents surprised us greatly.  
'This is what we read:

P., N. Y., Nov. 5, 1855.

Messrs. CROFT AND EATON.

*My Young Friends:* At the time my store was  
robbed I said I would give twice the value of the  
property taken to see the rascals who took it  
placed where they should be. Perhaps you heard

me say so. If you did, quite likely you thought I  
had as little intention of fulfilling my agreement  
in case of their capture as you had at the time of  
capturing them. I meant what I said, however,  
and as a practical demonstration of my sincerity  
and appreciation of your efforts in the matter, I  
herewith inclose check—made payable to you  
jointly—for two hundred dollars. Very cordially  
yours,  
EPHRAIM A. MASON.

Moreover, he was a steady friend to both of us  
as long as we attended school in P., and indeed,  
as long as he lived.

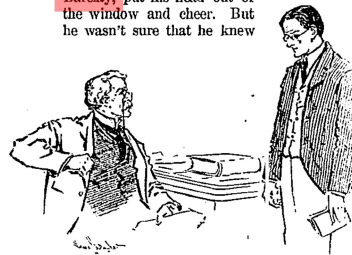


glasses thoughtfully and frowned at the green lamp-shade. Plainly something was wrong; but what? He pondered deeply for several minutes. Then his brow cleared, and he settled his "spec" over his lean nose again; he had found the trouble.

"The victory," said Barclay, soberly, to the lamp-shade, "demands a celebration!"

The more he thought of it the more evident it appeared that the day's triumph over the Yale Checkers Club deserved some sort of a public jubilee. He might, considered

Barclay, put his head out of the window and cheer. But he wasn't sure that he knew



"I THINK WE WILL LET THE MATTER DROP."

how. Or he might shoot off a revolver—if he had one. Or he might start a bonfire—ah, that was it; a bonfire! The idea appealed strongly to him; and he remembered that as a boy on a New Hampshire farm, bonfires had ever moved him strangely.

He arose and thrust his feet into a pair of immense overshoes, tied a muffler about his long neck, donned his worn ulster, turned down the lamp, and passed out of the room. Yes, he would celebrate with a bonfire. A victory over Yale at checkers was quite as important in Barclay's estimation as a triumph over the blue-stockinged football warriors.

Fifteen minutes later a window at the upper end of the college yard was slammed open, and a voice bawled into the frosty night:

"Heads out! All heads out!"

Then up and down the quadrangle, casements were raised and broad beams of light glowed out into the gloom, while dozens of other voices passed on the slogan:

"Heads out, fellows! Heads out!"

"What's up?" cried a thin voice from an upper window of Thayer.

"Bonfire in front of University!" was the answer.

"Bonfire in the yard! All heads out!" sped the cry.

"Everybody get wood!" shouted a voice from Weld.

"Everybody get wood!" shouted half a hundred other voices.

Then windows were shut and eager youths clattered down-stairs and into the yard, and suddenly the quiet night had become a pandemonium. In front of University Hall a lone figure fed, with shingles and odd bits of wood, a small bonfire, which cast its wan glow against the white front of the sober pile, as if dismayed at its own temerity. For bonfires in the yard are strictly forbidden, and it was many years before that the last one had sent its sparks up in front of University. Barclay knew this, and welcomed the danger of probation or dismissal as adding an appropriate touch of the grand and heroic to his celebration.

"Everybody get wood!" "What's it for?"

"Rah for the bonfire!" "Who's doing it?"

"Wood, wood, get wood, fellows!"

One of the first to reach the scene was Cobb, 1901. A dozen others were close behind him.

"Hello, what's up? What we celebrating?" he asked breathlessly; then he caught a glimpse of the thin, bespectacled visage of Barclay, and gasped, "Why, why, it's old Barclay!"

"Rah for Barclay, old grind!" shouted another. "He's the stuff! Everybody get wood!"

At that moment a worn-out hen-coop arrived suddenly on the scene, and a shower of sparks told that the fire was gaining courage.

"But, say, old man, what's it all about?" asked Cobb.

"We are celebrating a victory over Yale," answered Barclay, soberly, as he adjusted a plank with his foot. There was no undue excitement exhibited by this tall figure in the leathery ulster, but underneath his calm the blood roared madly through his veins, and a strange and wild, high uncontrollable joy possessed him as the

flames leaped higher and higher. He stooped and picked a brand from the edge of the fire. He waved it thrice about his head, sending the flaring sparks over the ever-increasing crowd. "Hoomy!" he yelled, in queer, uncanny tones.



## BARCLAY'S BONFIRE

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

COBB, 1901, assistant editor of the *Daily Quarmaz*, left the office, crossed the road and entered the college yard by the simple expedient of placing one hand on the fence and vaulting over upon the forbidden grass. Cobb had a Latin book under one arm—for even if one labors on a college paper to mold undergraduate opinion, he is not exempt from a certain amount of class attendance—and carried an open letter in his hand. His round, good-natured face wore a broad grin; and whenever he looked at the letter the grin increased.

He entered the first entrance to Gray's Hall, bounded up two flights of narrow stairway, and pounded at a door. An invitation to enter came faintly through two thicknesses of oak, and Cobb confronted the single occupant of the room.

"How are you, Barclay?" Thanks, no, can't stop! Just dropped 'round to leave this with you. Got it in this morning's mail at the office. Said to myself, 'Just one man in college who'll take interest in this; that's Barclay.' So I brought it to you. Might answer it, eh? Good idea, seems to me. Hope you'll be able to do something about it. 'Bye!" And Cobb, grinning like a jovial satyr, was gone.

Barclay, '99, laid his pen aside with slow deliberateness, marked his place in the big Greek lexicon beside him, and took up the letter. It was addressed to the editor of the *Quarmaz*, and was signed "Hiram G. Larkin, Yale, '99." The writer asked to be put in communication with some student in the rival college who was interested in checkers. He dwelt enthusiastically on the formation of a dunt checker league. He pointed out the fact that although chess, whist and other games of skill and science were recognized and participated in each year by teams representing the two universities, the noble game of checkers had been hitherto woefully neglected. He suggested that teams be formed at each university, and that a tournament be played to decide the championship.

When Barclay laid aside the letter, his long and ascetic face held an expression of enthusiastic delight. The one dissipation and hobby of Barclay's studious existence was checkers. He held a college-wide reputation as a "grind" of the most pronounced type. Barclay did not look down on the usual pleasures and frolics of the undergraduate; they simply had for him no appeal. He had nothing against football or baseball or track athletics; but he felt no enthusiasm for any of them.

Of course he was always glad when the college teams won; he was "patriotic" to a high degree,

and sometimes, when the bonfires burned and the students cheered and sang, he acknowledged a wish, lying deep down in his heart, that he, too, might be able to derive pleasurable emotions from such celebrations. Barclay, in short, loved Xenophanes and Xenophon; and next to them, checkers.

Before he went to bed that night he answered the Yale man's letter; endorsed the project voluminously; pledged immediate cooperation, and remained fraternally his, Simonides P. Barclay.

I have no intention of specifying in detail the steps which resulted in the formation of the Intercollegiate Checkers Association. Barclay and Larkin wrote to each other at least every

other day, and at the end of three weeks the matter was settled—not, perhaps, just as they had hoped for. Barclay had labored heroically to find a membership for the Checkers Club, but without avail. None wanted to join. Many scoffed, and instead of enthusiasm, he awakened only ridicule. And the Yale man reported like results. So when the rival teams met in a private room in a Boston hotel one December day, they consisted of just Larkin, Yale, '99, and Barclay.

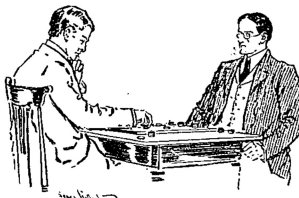
The tournament was held behind tightly closed doors; consequently I am unable to report the play for the reader's benefit. Enough that deep silence and undoubted skill held sway until dusk,

at which time the two teams passed into the dining-hall and ate a dinner, at which much good feeling was displayed by both, and at which the day's play was rehearsed scientifically, from oysters to coffee. The teams then shook hands and parted at the entrance.

Barclay boarded a car and returned to college, filled with overwhelming triumph. He had won three out of the seven games and drawn two. The checkers championship rested with Harvard!

Such a spirit of jubilation possessed Barclay that when he reached his unadorned room and had changed his gold-rimmed glasses for his

reading spectacles, he found that Greek for once did not satisfy. He tried light reading in the form of a monograph on the origin of Greek drama, but even then his attention wandered continually. He laid down the book, wiped his



"THE TOURNAMENT."



"SPOKE FEELINGLY OF THE INCEPTION AND GROWTH OF THE CHECKERS CLUB."

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!" answered the throng. "Everybody get wood!"

"But what'd we do to 'em?" asked Cobb, wondering. "What was the victory?"

"Won the checker championship!" answered Barclay, proudly.

A roar of laughter went up; fellows fell on their neighbors' necks and giggled hysterically; a football man sat down in the fire and had to be rescued by his friends; Cobb hugged Barclay and patted him on the back.

"Good old Barclay!" he gurgled. "Oh, good old Barclay! Won the checkers champ—champ—champ—oh dear, oh dear! Somebody hit me before I—I—"

"More wood!" bawled some one. "'Rah for Barclay, the champion checkerist! Everybody cheer for Barclay!"

And everybody did, many, many times. More wood leaped from out the darkness and fell upon the flaming heap, which now rose to the fellows' shoulders and crackled right merrily. The vicinity of the bonfire was black with yelling, laughing students; and every moment their number grew, as the light was seen at distant dormitories or the shouting was heard across the avenue.

"Speech!" cried the throng. "Speech! Speech!" And Barclay was quickly elevated to the shoulders of Cobb and another, and from there spoke feelingly of the inception and growth of the Checkers Club; of the tournament and of the victory. Very few heard all that speech, for it was cheered incessantly; and those at the edge of the crowd yelled: "Who's the fellow that's talking?" "What'd he do?" "It's Dewey!" "No, it's —"

At that moment some one started a song, and by common impulse the students formed in line and began the circuit of the yard, Barclay, on the shoulders of the two riotous friends, leading the procession. Thrice around they went, singing the college songs, cheering on every provocation, clapping arms and swinging ecstatically from side to side and raising such an uproar as the old college had not often heard.

"The most gorgeous bonfire since we won the boat-race!" panted a senior, at the end of the parade. "And the biggest celebration; but I'd like jolly well to know what it's for!"

"Join hands!" was the cry, and soon three great rings of dancing, striding youths were circling the fire, their fantastic shadows leaping grotesquely across the front of the buildings. And just when the frolic was at its height, and the fire was crackling more joyously than ever; just when the quiet winter stars were hearkening for the fiftieth time to the hoarse cheers in honor of Barclay, the dean and three professors walked into the circle of radiance, and the throng melted as if by magic, until Barclay, spectacleless, hatless, but exultant, was left standing alone by his bonfire.

"Ah, Mr. Barclay," said the dean, pleasantly, "will you kindly call on me to-morrow?"

"I think we will let the matter drop," said the dean next day, hiding a smile under an affected frown, "if you will promise, Mr. Barclay, to indulge yourself in no more—ah,—" the dean's voice failed him, and he swallowed spasmodically twice before he found it again,—"no more celebrations of victory."

And Barclay, very remorseful and chastened this morning, promised, and hurried off to his beloved Greek.

Both Barclay and the Yale Checkers Club graduated from their respective universities the following spring, and consequently the Intercollegiate Checkers Association died. But although gone, it is not forgotten; and "Barclay's bonfire" is still spoken of as "the most gorgeous thing that ever happened."



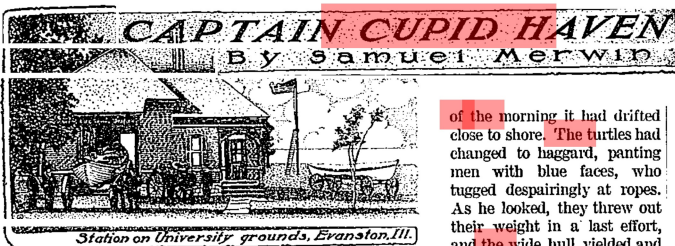


a few feet of him the horse bounded suddenly to one side and threw its terrified rider into what he supposed to be the literal jaws of death. Springing to his feet as he struck the earth, and proceeding to obey the first great impulse to run away, the boy noticed to his surprise that the dogs had fled, and left him master of the field. In after years General Forrest said that never in all his life had he had such a fright. He fully believed that the dogs would rend him in pieces the instant he struck the ground. It was a precious lesson to him, which he later turned to account. It taught him the value of a bold attack, even when he knew he was inferior in strength to the enemy."

### Both Parties Scared.

**I**T is but a small part of a man's education that is acquired in the schoolroom, however important that small part may be. General Forrest, of the Confederate service, was a striking instance of a successful man whose teaching came entirely from life. His boyhood was largely spent on horseback, and one of his daily duties was, in company with other boys of his age, to take the horses to water in a neighboring stream. His biographer recounts one of his early experiences. On the road they usually took there lived a neighbor who owned two ferocious dogs, which on all occasions would rush out and bark at the youngsters on their fleet-footed horses. This was great fun for the urchins, who felt perfectly safe from their point of vantage on horseback, and no doubt the ferocity of the animals had been cultivated by the natural proclivities of their two-legged tormentors to tease them, by yelling and throwing stones as they rode by. On one occasion, the future cavalryman was riding a colt not yet broken. As he approached the home of his natural enemies, the dogs rushed out in such ferocious fashion that as they came within





Station on University grounds, Evanston, Ill.

It was after the close of "Cupid" Haven's freshman year at the Northwestern University that the government sent on the new surf-boat, a twenty-seven-foot Beebe-McClellan self-bailer, all white and blue. There was a formal presentation, of course, at the red brick station; and the inspector stood on the porch and made a speech to the students who man the life-saving station. He mentioned the last annual report, in which the boys had been praised, recalled the time when an earlier crew had received eight congressional medals from the same porch, and talked about upholding local traditions. He also praised the new boat, gliding over its one fault. It was so broad of beam that, while practically non-capsizable, it could not, once over, be righted.

"That evening the boys were on the steps. Bush, Peters, Williamson and Tommy Potts were gone; they had slipped back easily, too easily, into college history. Four sturdy youngsters lounged in the old places—Maxwell, Clark, Atwell and Baird. Clark had his banjo, and the new crowd was singing the old songs, just as they will be sung when the station shall lie crumbled beneath the flat, white sand.

Haven, No. 3, sat with his back against the bricks and looked out over the lake. The moon, big and red, was climbing over the horizon, setting off the black outlines of a tired little lumber schooner. A ribbon of crimson light wavered down the water and flapped lazily at the long, weather-blackened breakwater.

Haven was thinking. The moon worked laboriously upward, paling as it rose. Soon the porch grew lighter, and Haven drew odd diagrams on the back of an envelope. During one of the songs he slipped away and took a lantern into the boat-room; here he was fussing for an hour, climbing around the big boat, and altering his diagrams, a bit at a time.

The captain sat at his desk in the living-room, writing up his log. His seamed, brown face was twisted into a scowl. The blue eyes wavered about the room, while he chewed a stubby pencil and pulled his long, gray-streaked beard. The captain could risk his life without a thought, but writing reports was a labor of despair. Perhaps he was glad when Haven came in and laid his envelope on the log-book; at any rate, the two sat there in weighty discussion until the singers had buried their songs in dormitory pillows and the white moon looked down through the tops of the elms in the campus.

The next morning there was such a drill as never had been heard of in that life-saving district. Clad in blouses, trousers and cork jackets, the crew wheeled the new boat to the water, slid her out, and pulled out half a mile from shore. The Sheridan Road policeman hung himself over the railing and watched them lazily. Suddenly he stood erect, with popping eyes; the crew were capsizing the boat! Eight men, like dolls in the distance, were leaning out from a half-submerged gurniwa. There was a splash! Specks of heads bobbed up about the round, white bottom of the boat, and then what looked like eight white turtles wriggled upon it.

The policeman rubbed his eyes and walked out upon the breakwater, where he could sit down and swing his feet, with a kindly spile for a back rest.

Three hours later he awoke with a jump and looked up. The round, white bottom of the boat was still visible, but during the course

of the morning it had drifted close to shore. The turtles had changed to haggard, panting men with blue faces, who tugged despairingly at ropes. As he looked, they threw out their weight in a last effort, and the wide hull yielded and rolled over. It drifted slowly past him, and he saw crew and captain tumbled about the boat, too weak to answer his hail. Lake water—three hours of it—has penalties of its own. That night there was more figuring

captain. The inspector, as the concentrated authority of a large department of the service, held ideas as to how a crew man should perform his duties. Moreover, he was interested in hearing about Haven's part in the new drill. As a result, the next boat exercise saw Haven, a sophomore, pulling stroke with a new white "I" on his coat-sleeve, while Blake and Sillsbee, juniors, sat respectively at two and three, with long faces.

It was a white Thanksgiving. There was a football game in the afternoon. The faithful crowd stamped its feet and blew on its fingers for two hours, while eleven men in purple jerseys played havoc with eleven others in buff, although little could be seen through the whirling snow. In the evening there was to

ashore at Glencoe. We're going up Sheridan Road—trains are blocked with the snow."

Haven buttoned his jacket and looked out the window. Through the whirl of the storm could be seen white shapes where the ice was piled in blocks and cones, for the fall had been exceptionally cold. Beyond were mist and surf. Over all, filling every nook of the sturdy little building, was the roar of the lake—that crushing, rumbling, never-slackening wail of death.

The captain was giving an order. Six yellow figures, with hats jammed down and sweater collars crowded up, slipped out into the night to tramp the six miles through blinding, clogging snow. Haven and the captain waited for the horses. Later they, too, were on the road, the broad wheels crunching and slipping, the beach-cart rattling behind, the horses bending their heads to the driving storm. The

captain on the right, Haven on the left, they plowed along, the reins resting about their necks, their weight thrown now and again upon the spokes of the forward wheels. They passed Athletic Field and Haven remembered his lame shoulder.

It was ten minutes after six o'clock when they left the station. When Winnetka was passed and the Lake-side Water-Tower loomed dimly ahead, Haven seized a moment's lull to fumble with numb fingers beneath his sweater, and pull out his watch. The last Winnetka are lamp threw an intermittent light over his shoulder. It was nine o'clock! And nearly a mile to go!

At the turn, where the road swung off to the west, they were hailed by Baird. His voice floated weirdly down the wind. The horses stopped at the ditch and pawed for a footing; then, led by the captain, they plunged forward, boat and beach-cart lumbering after. For a space it was dark going, picking a way between the trees and floundering over snow-covered logs.

Dim forms were moving about, shouting faintly. There was the sound of axes. Haven stumbled ahead of the horses, and saw knots of men cutting a path down the ravine. One man stood close at hand, swinging a lantern and yelling orders. He saw Haven and came forward; in the flickering light there was a yellow shine from his cap and shoulders.

"Has your boat come? I'm Lieutenant Jenkins, of Fort Sheridan."

Haven led him back to the boat, where the crew had clustered; a moment later the captain appeared, coming toward them from the edge of the bluff, a glass in his hand.

"I have a company here," said the lieutenant. "My men are at your disposal."

The captain nodded. "We'll have to let the boat down," he said. "We can't reach her with the shot."

A spare line was made fast to the rear axle of the truck, and with fifty soldiers to hold back, the crew men gripping the wheels and the captain ahead guiding the tongue, the boat slid and rolled, rocking to the beach, a hundred feet below. Close to the bluff a bonfire was blazing.

The soldiers gathered about curiously as the yellow-clad students fell into position and coolly, at a word of command, tossed the cork jackets over their heads and knotted them fast. There was a moment for breath, and Haven looked out. For fifty yards was nothing but ice, piled in rough hummocks. Out beyond, in the faint sky light, he could see the surf, a grinding, churning whirl of slush and broken ice. Each wave came riding down from the north in a sweeping curve, glancing off the breakwaters and falling back upon itself in a fury of spray. The overwhelmingness of it all awed Cupid, but it set his blood tingling and put new strength into his grip. Oddly enough, there was no thought of the shoulder. The football game seemed far in the past.

"Lay hold here!" A score of soldiers sprang forward. Slowly



"HOLD HER, BOYS! HOLD HER IF YOU PULL YOUR HEARTS OUT!"

about the station desk. In the morning, and for many mornings after, the new boat was rolled out to wrestle with its tapers.

One day in July the inspector read in his newspaper that the student crew had righted a Beebe-McClellan surf-boat in twenty-eight seconds, and said sarcastic things about the veracity of newspapers; but nevertheless he caught the first north-bound afternoon train.

The drill that followed will never be forgotten. The fat inspector, who had managed to cram himself into Atwell's biggest suit, went out in a beautiful chop sea, and was ducked and tumbled and bounced and splashed until his eyes looked homesick and his puckered mouth blew spray. There was a bump on his bald spot where a thwart had struck him when Scott and Maxwell crowded him under; and his two shins were "barked" in long, symmetrical rows.

In the evening, dried and poulticed, he limped off to the train, his pocket full of diagrams with which to explain the new drill to every surf crew in the district.

While dressing, he had talked long with the

be a dinner and a reception; in the meantime, the battered players scattered to their homes for bandages and rest. Toward six o'clock Haven was lying stretched out on his bed, nursing a sadly wrenched shoulder, and at intervals grinning foolishly,—it is a pleasant thing to win games,—when Baird came in. "Brace up, Cupid! We're due at seven."

"I'm all right. Hope we get a good feed; I'm empty." He swung his feet around and sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing his eyes.

"What's that?" Baird sprang up and listened; then he ran to open the window.

The station gong was clanging wildly. Without a word, each seized his "sou'wester" hat and dashed out the door and across the road. There was excitement in the station; the crew were in the boat-room, tumbling into their yellow oilskins. Clark was at the telephone. He hung up the receiver and turned away as Cupid broke into the room.

"All right, captain! They'll have two teams here at once!"

Maxwell was explaining: "Big freighter



the boat scraped along over the hummocks; up, with a strain and a rhythmic "Heave!"—down, with a slide and a scramble. Close to the outer edge was the highest ridge. Here, leaving the boat poised in air, the panting soldiers fell back, while the crew set their faces to the eastward. A black hull was just visible against the scurrying clouds.

Haven took a last glance at his oar, and stood gripping the gunwale. "Ho!" said the captain, peering over the stern, where his long steering-oar trailed off, and with a jerk the boat went careering down the slope. Haven could see Maxwell, No. 6, bracing his feet as the momentum of the heavy boat swept him downward toward the tumbling ice and surf.

Then came a shock and a splash! Haven was dragged off his feet. He stepped on a cake that tipped and plunged him to the waist in water that bit his flesh and chilled his lungs. As he scrambled over the rail, he heard a boyish voice from the bow: "Cracky, but it's cold!" And he laughed as he sunk his blade into the foam.

The line of surf was so twisted by cross-currents and so cut up by the broken ice that to make any headway was difficult. Haven recalled with a sense of desperation that he must set the stroke for the crew; but there was no getting a grip on the water. He reached deep to catch a wave-top, but splashed feebly. Then a glance showed him the wire-knit captain, standing erect upon the stern air-tank, feet apart, knees bending, his weight balanced on the big oar, and he threw more heart into his stroke.

There was a moment of desperate struggling; inch by inch the white boat crept ahead, throwing up every few seconds a film of spray that splashed and froze on their stiffening oilskins. They took one big comber with a rush, the bow slanting out over the crest and falling with a lurch, slapping up a small cloudburst.

"It didn't do a thing to him!" came in a shrill voice from young Maxwell, who, minus his sou'wester, had got the most of it down his neck; and a chuckle ran through the boat. Soberness came in a moment, for breath was precious; but that chuckle put new strength into seven pairs of arms.

Just as they seemed to be through the worst, Haven saw the captain throw all his weight on the big oar with a suddenness that lent it, until, as the stern began to sink away and the bow to climb, it snapped like a reed and the captain staggered over the gunwale. Haven yelled, "Give way, boys!" and plunging forward, gripped an ankle that was just disappearing. Then the stern was jerked around into the trough, a swirl of foam came dashing and leaping about them, and boat and crew were lifted high and carried swiftly shoreward.

Haven, half-strangled in the surf, felt himself curling up until one knee struck his chin and made him bite his tongue; then the white ice struck him full on the shoulder and hip, and blue-clad figures were dragging him upward. He still held the captain's foot.

The bonfire and quarts of hot coffee were at hand, and soon the boys, shivering and breathless, were drying their stiff clothes, which crackled when they moved. But the captain lay silent in the midst of a cluster of anxious workers, who cleaned the bleeding forehead and chafed the nerveless wrists. Haven looked out; the wreck had not broken up; there it loomed, bleak and dim. It came suddenly to him that as No. 1, he now commanded.

The boat lay on the ice, a gaping hole in her forward compartment. The oars, gathered by the soldiers, were alongside.

A few moments later Lieutenant Jenkins heard the sound of a hammer, and turning away from the captain, who was showing the first signs of life, he saw that the crew, gathered about the boat, were setting it to rights. Haven, with tools from the beach-cart, was nailing a piece of his jacket over the hole.

"What's this?" shouted the lieutenant. "You aren't going out again?"

Haven wiped the spray from his eyes and nodded.

"Why, nan, it's suicide! You can't! I—I forbid it!"

One of the soldiers appeared with an armful of barrel-staves, from which Haven selected three or four before replying: "We don't come under your authority."

"But you aren't the captain—"

"Yes. I'm acting captain."

The officer sputtered, with a gesture of dismay, as Baird set up the pump.

"All ready, boys!" said Cupid, with a last look at the patched bow. Baker, the "prep" substitute, just then came up, dragging the spare steering-oar, which was adjusted in its loop.

"Let her go!"

A long line of soldiers stood gazing in wonder at sight of the renewed battle. Haven had taken advantage of a lull, and before plunging into the hardest surf, he had a few seconds in which to get the balance of his oar. And then came a tussle for life. Teeth were set and eyes staring. Maxwell was pumping furiously, barely holding his own against the rush of the impouring water. Haven, standing on the little platform and swaying easily with the rise and fall of the stern, felt the blood jump through his veins; his fresh young muscles knotted firmly.

"Hold her, boys! Hold her if you pull your

hearts out!" There was savage eagerness in his voice.

Those on the ice set up a yell. Haven threw a glance over his shoulder; the boat, a prey to the wind, was drifting southward. At the moment, they were poised on a wave, and he saw, almost underneath the stern, the jagged spiles of a breakwater end. A quick turn was needed, that was all; so he called in a cool voice:

"Give way, starboard! Back, port!"

As on a pivot, the boat swung half around, the stern cleared the spiles by two yards, and then they were swept a rod to the south.

There is little need to tell of the rest of that night; it is all in the annual report. How they fought against wind, sea and shifting currents

to the wrenching hulk that towered twenty feet above their heads; how man after man was slung down the ice-coated ladder; how a fainting mother was lowered in a blanket with the little red-haired child, who laughed and pulled Maxwell's hair, and tried to catch the spray that slapped her velvet cheek; how they backed in through the surf, swallowed a gulp of coffee, pumped out the forward compartment, and then did it all over again, until in three trips nineteen lives were saved, with a stove-in, water-logged surf-boat—all this is history.

For the last time they were dragged from the boat. Sillsbee's raw hands were frozen to his oar, and the lieutenant poured hot coffee over them, and supported him with a strong arm when he staggered over the hummocks to the fire. Fortunately they were under the spell of excitement; and so they ate the sandwiches which reinforcements had brought from the fort, and chaffed each other, and thanked their stars

that it was Thanksgiving week, with no recitations to be dreaded.

Haven's first concern was for the captain; but learning that he was well on the homeward way in an army ambulance, heart-broken over his first defeat in twenty years of fighting the lake, Cupid stumbled wearily toward the fire, in time to hear Maxwell, the pet of the Glee Club, lift his voice to the pitch that had convulsed many an audience:

"Boys, we forgot the dinner!"

"Let's send regrets!" said Clark.

The lieutenant had a scrap of paper and a pencil; and with many a jest at the expense of fingers that would not unbend, they wrote out a stiff little note, signed by all seven, with a drop of blood where the "I" came in Sillsbee.

It was seven o'clock the next morning. Haven, quitted to the chin, an ache in every joint, eyes listless and marked with blue rings, stood on watch on the station porch. The newspaper boy came down the middle of the road, plowing up the snow as he trudged. He rolled the paper into a tight little ball and threw it with practised hand at the door. Haven opened it and looked it over.

There was a long article headed: "Hero's Brave Act. Park Policeman Stops Runaway." Below it, in a corner, these lines were tucked away:

"The grain steamer, *Mary J. Griffin*, went ashore last night off Glencoe, and is a total loss. The life-saving crew were slow in arriving, but no lives were lost."

Cupid closed the paper, and forgetting his cracked lips, tried to whistle. Not that he was jealous of the park policeman, but even an every-day hero has feelings.